



and

STRAIGHT ARROW

No. 7

THE RAILROAD
INVADES
COMANCHE
COUNTRY!

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BOBBY BENSON'S

B-B BAKER RIDERS

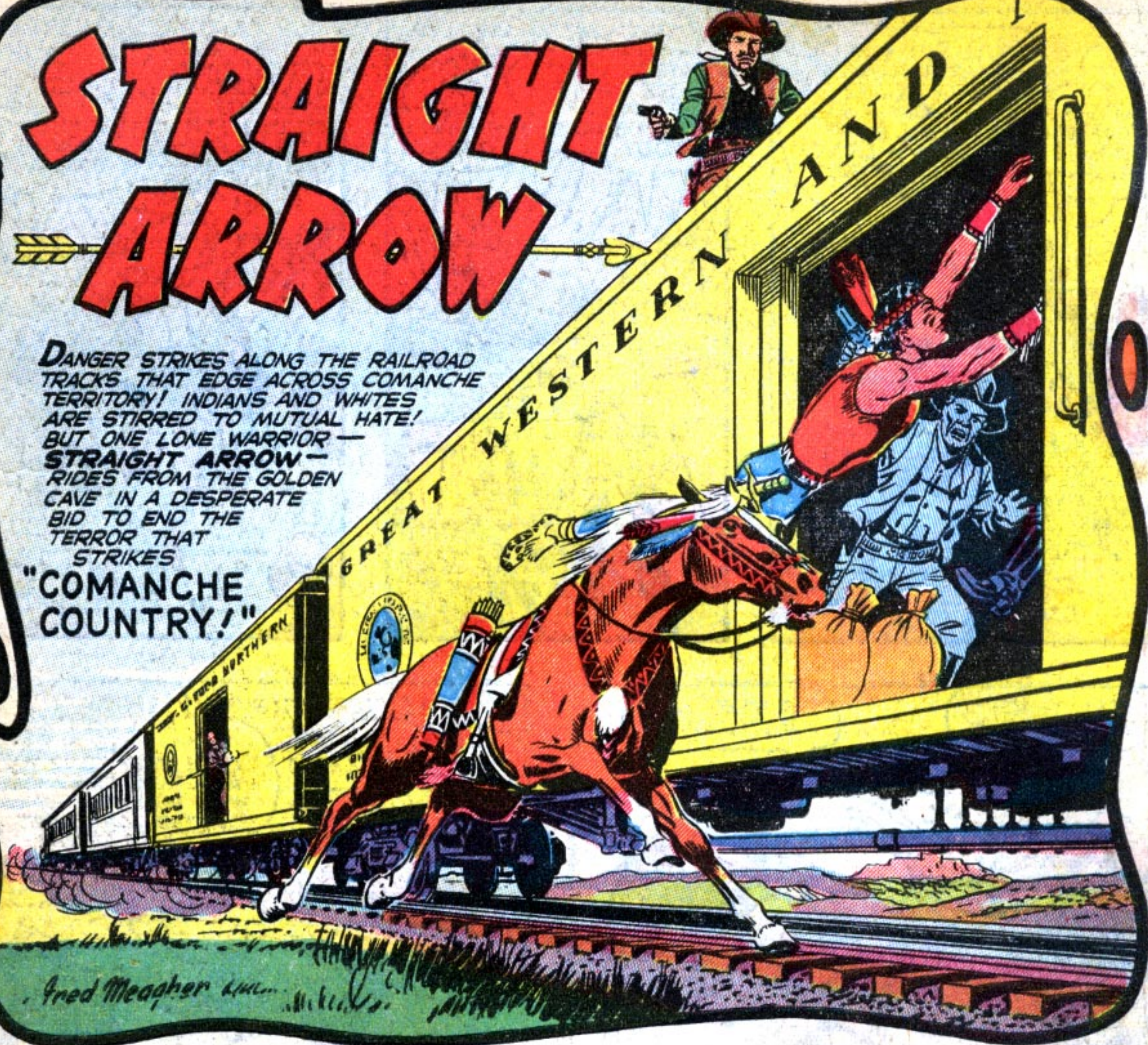


THE COMIC BOOK ABOUT YOUR FAVORITE RADIO AND
TELEVISION CHARACTERS... *ON SALE NOW!!!*

STRAIGHT ARROW

DANGER STRIKES ALONG THE RAILROAD TRACKS THAT EDGE ACROSS COMANCHE TERRITORY! INDIANS AND WHITES ARE STIRRED TO MUTUAL HATE! BUT ONE LONE WARRIOR — **STRAIGHT ARROW** — RIDES FROM THE GOLDEN CAVE IN A DESPERATE BID TO END THE TERROR THAT STRIKES "COMANCHE COUNTRY!"

GREAT WESTERN



Fred Meagher

MY MOUTH IS BONE-DRY — TARNATION! THE WATER HOLE'S BEEN FILLED IN! WHO'D DO AN ORNERY THING LIKE THIS?

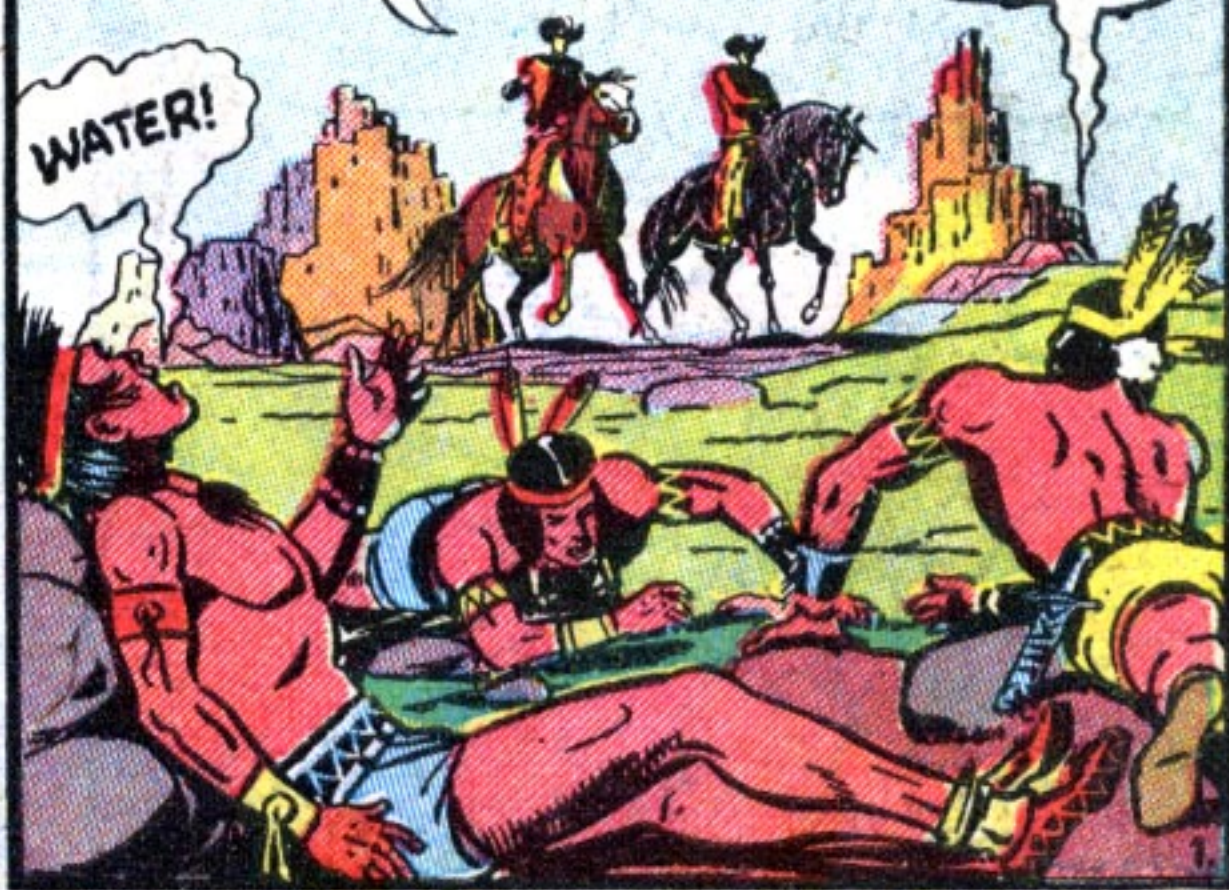
MAYBE THE WATER WAS BAD SO SOMEONE PUT THE ROCKS IN THERE TO KEEP US FROM DRINKING IT. THERE'S ANOTHER WATER HOLE THREE MILES OFF. MOUNT UP, PACKY!



BUT WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE NEXT WATER HOLE...

WAL, IF THIS DON'T BEAT ALL! THIS WATER HOLE'S FULL OF ROCKS TOO, AND THOSE COMANCHES LOOK LIKE THEY'RE DYIN' STEVE!

ALL WELLS ON OUR LAND... FILLED WITH ROCKS, WOOD AND DIRT... !.. WATER!... WATER!





HERE YUH ARE! DRINK SLOW BUT DON'T WORRY 'BOUT SAVIN' ANY FOR ME AN' STEVE. WE WUZ UP TO OUR NECKS IN WATER ALREADY!

WHEN YOU RETURN TO YOUR TRIBE, WARN THE CHIEF THAT SOMEONE IS DELIBERATELY FILLING THE WATER HOLES. WHO HE IS OR WHY HE IS DOING IT I DON'T KNOW YET... BUT BE ON YOUR GUARD!

MIGHTY PECULIAR NOTION SOMEONE'S GOT - FILLIN' THEM WATER HOLES.

I'VE NOTICED ONE THING, PACKY. ALL THOSE WATER HOLES WERE IN COMANCHE TERRITORY AND ALONG THE ROUTE THE NEW RAIL-ROAD IS TO TAKE! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THERE IS A LOT WE CAN LEARN AT THE END OF THE LINE!

SOON AFTER...

WAL, RECKON THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE. THERE'S THE CONSTRUCTION BOSS' SHACK YONDER.

PULL UP! LEAVE THE HORSES HERE. WE'RE GOING TO DO A LITTLE EAVES-DROPPING.

ADVANCING STEALTHILY, STEVE AND PACKY REACH AN OPEN WINDOW...

WE FILLED THE WATER HOLES LIKE YOU ORDERED. MIKE FILLED THE LAST ONE WITH SOME OL' BEARDED COW-POKE AND HIS SIDEKICK!

GOOD WORK, RED. THAT MEANS THE COMANCHES HAVE ONE WATER HOLE OPEN NEAR BEAR HUMP MOUNTAIN. THEY'LL BE GUARDIN' IT... WHICH IS JUST THE WAY I PLANNED IT! WE'VE GOT TO DRIVE 'EM OFF OUR LANDS...!

...I WANT TROUBLE 'ROUND HERE BETWEEN THE REDSKINS AND THE SETTLERS, AND THE FASTEST WAY TO GET THEM INJUNS ON THE WARPATH'LL BE TO RAID THAT WATER HOLE TONIGHT!

COME ON, PACKY, WE'VE GOT TO WARN WHITE CLOUD!

SOON AFTER, STEVE AND PACKY RIDE INTO THE CAMP OF THE COMANCHE, AND STEVE TELLS THE CHIEF WHAT HE OVERHEARD...

SO YOU'D BETTER PUT YOUR BEST BRAVES AT THAT WATER HOLE TONIGHT, WHITE CLOUD, OR THEY'LL FILL UP THAT DRINKING PLACE TOO!

I WILL SEND MY OWN SON AND THREE OF HIS BLOOD BROTHERS FROM THE BOLD CROW CLAN.

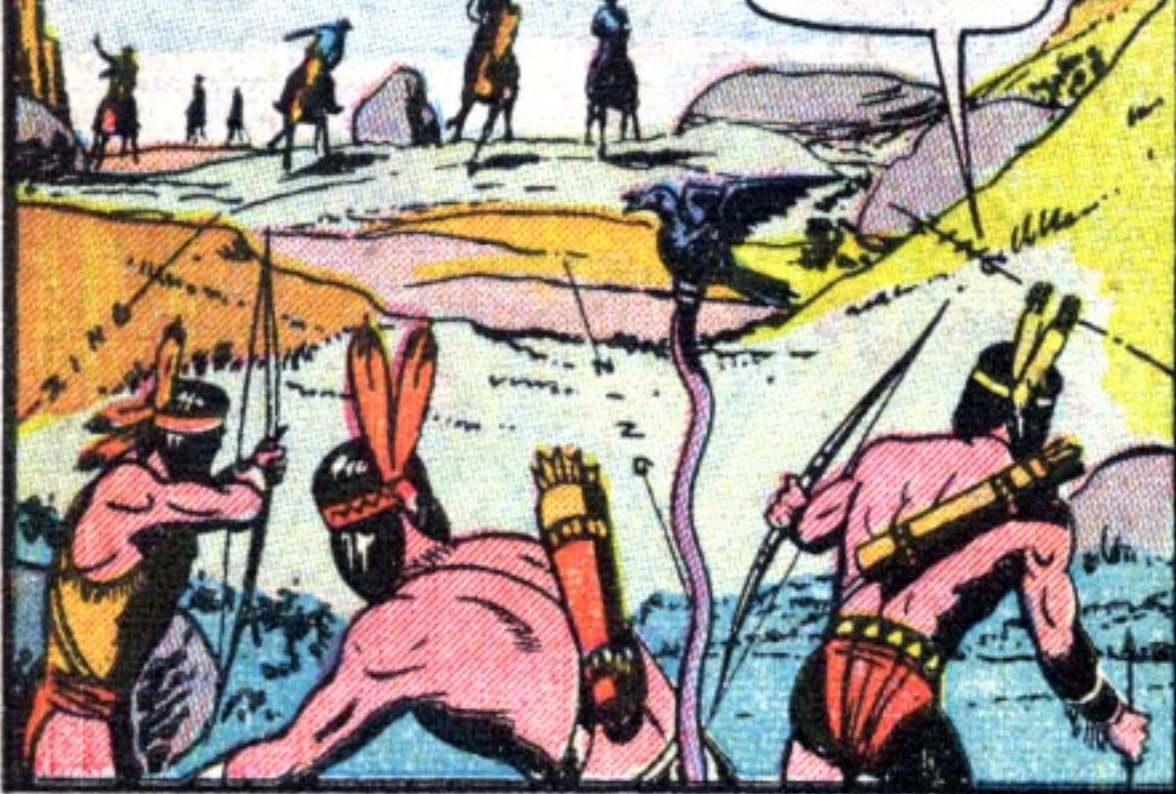
HERE IS THE TOTEM OF THE CROW CLAN! WHERE IT STANDS NOTHING CAN HARM US!

IT SHALL BE PLACED IN THE GROUND BY THE WATER HOLE AND WE WILL DIE BEFORE WE RETREAT FROM IT OR LET IT BE INJURED!

BUT LATER THAT NIGHT, EVEN THE POWER OF THE CROW TOTEM CANNOT WARD OFF THE SUDDEN DANGER AS GUNS BLAZE BY THE WATER HOLE.

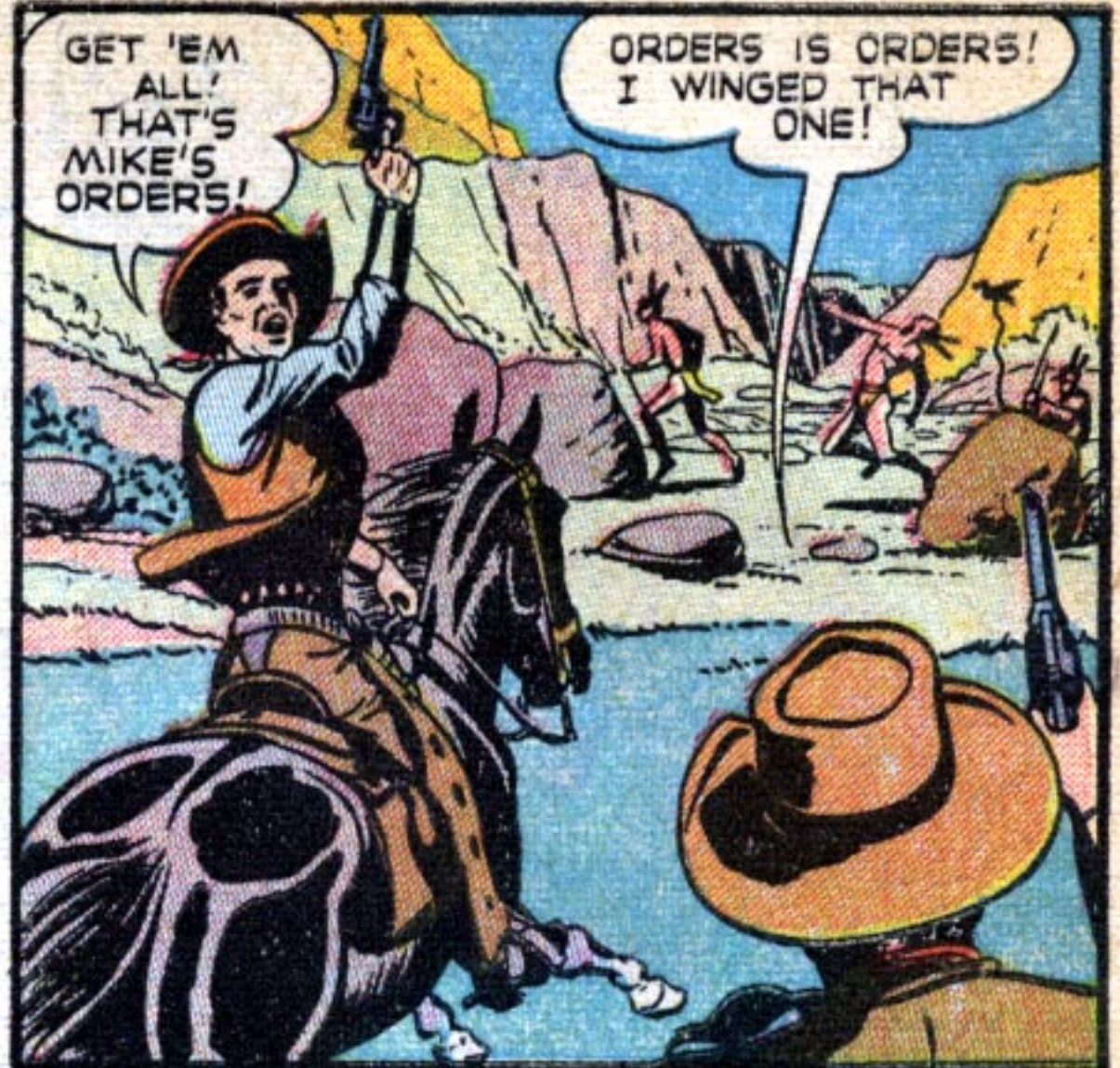
BURN 'EM DOWN!

WHITES! THEY ATTACK... AIEEE!



GET 'EM ALL! THAT'S MIKE'S ORDERS!

ORDERS IS ORDERS! I WINGED THAT ONE!



I GOT SOME ARROWS AND THIS FUNNY-BROKEN CARVED BOW FOR A SOUVENIR!

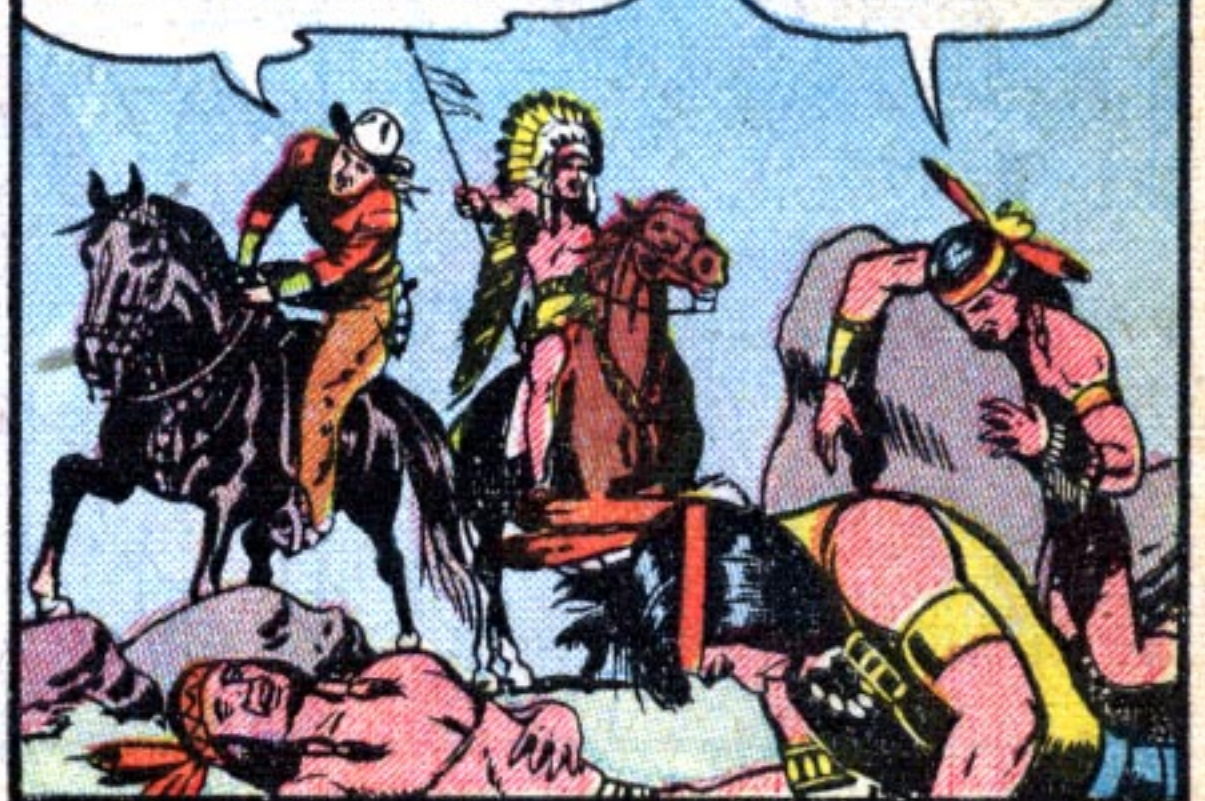
NEVER MIND THE SOUVENIRS! FINISH OFF THEM WOUNDED REDSKINS SO WE CAN... FERGIT 'EM! HIT LEATHER! SOMEONE'S COMIN'!



THE RAIDERS THUNDER AND VANISH INTO THE NIGHT AS STEVE AND WHITE CLOUD RACE UP!...

WHITE CLOUD, WE'RE TOO LATE. OUR BRAVES HAVE BEEN OVERCOME!

WHITE MEN... FROM NOWHERE...



LOOK! THEY HAVE TAKEN THE SACRED CROW TOTEM! THEY HAVE WOUNDED FOUR OF MY BRAVES! THERE WILL BE ANGER IN THE TENTS OF THE COMANCHE, AND A LONGING FOR REVENGE!

THAT'S JUST WHAT BRADON AND HIS GANG WANT—WAR! TAKE YOUR BRAVES BACK AND STAY IN YOUR TENTS. I'M GOING TO TOWN TOMORROW TO KEEP THE SETTLERS AT PEACE...



BUT NEXT MORNING WHEN STEVE RIDES INTO TOWN, PEACE IS NOT BEING DISCUSSED!

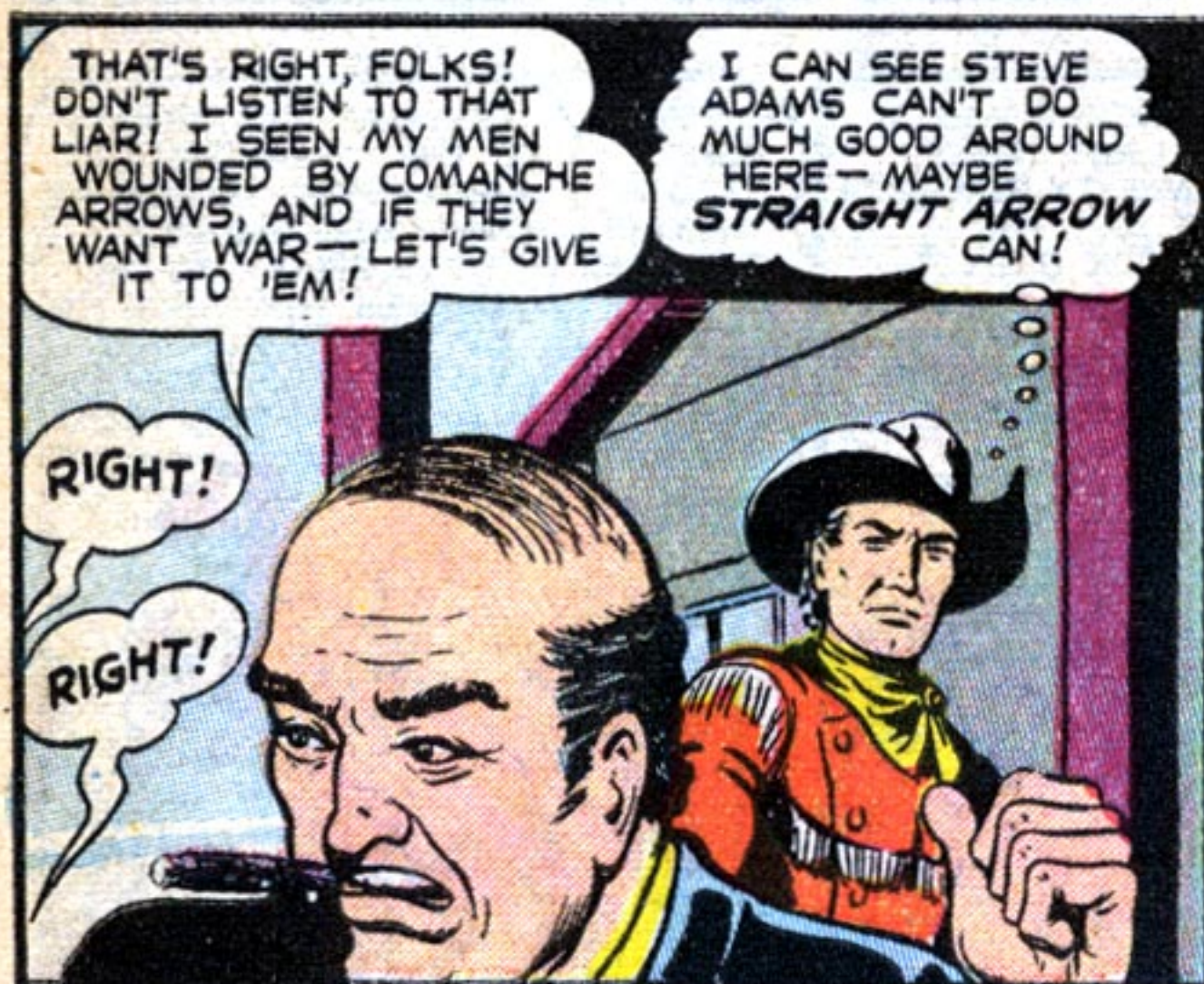
WAR! THAT'S WHAT THEM REDSKINS WANT! LOOK AT MY MAN HERE! LUCKY HE ESCAPED FROM THEIR SCALPIN' KNIVES LAST NIGHT! BUT LET HIM TELL YUH ABOUT IT...



ME AND THE BOYS WUZ RIDIN' NICE AND PEACEFUL-LIKE UP TO THE WATER HOLE BY BEAR HUMP LAST NIGHT, HANKERIN' FER A DRINK, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN THEM BUSHWACKIN' DEVILS LET LOOSE WITH THEIR ARROWS, AN...

THAT'S A LIE!





AS THE SUN RISES THE FOLLOWING MORNING, STRAIGHT ARROW RIDES INTO TOWN...

LAST NIGHT THE COMANCHES BURNED DOWN THE RAILROAD SHACK WITH FLAMIN' ARROWS! ARE WE GOIN' T'LET 'EM GET AWAY? — A COMANCHE! WELL, THERE'S ONE I'M GETTIN' RID OF!

I AM STRAIGHT ARROW.

I WISH TO SPEAK FOR PEACE!



BUT AS MIKE DRAWS, A GOLDEN ARROW SWIFTLY CUTS THROUGH THE AIR...

I'LL GIVE YUH PEACE! A PIECE OF LEAD IN... YEOW!

NOW CONTINUE! OF WHAT DO YOU ACCUSE THE COMANCHES?



YOU INJUNS BURNED DOWN THE RAILROAD SHACK LAST NIGHT! NEXT TIME IT'LL BE SOME SLEEPIN' FARMER'S HOUSE — AND I SAY LET'S PUT A STOP TO IT NOW!

YOU LIE! ALL THE COMANCHES WERE IN THEIR TEPEES LAST NIGHT!



IF'N THE COMANCHES WUZ IN THEIR TENTS LAST NIGHT THEY'VE GOT MIGHTY POWERFUL BOWS! THESE ARE THE ARROWS WE TOOK OUTA THE SHACK THIS MORNIN' — COMANCHE ARROWS!

LET ME SEE THOSE ARROWS!



WE'VE DONE ENOUGH TALKIN'! GRAB 'IM! HE CAN'T DENY THEY'RE COMANCHE ARROWS!

THEY ARE THE ARROWS OF THE COMANCHE! BUT EACH BRAVE MAKES HIS OWN AND MARKS IT! THESE BELONG TO THE BRAVES WHO WERE BADLY WOUNDED AT THE WATER HOLE TWO NIGHTS AGO!



THIS MAN HAS DECEIVED YOU AND IS TRYING TO AROUSE YOU FALSELY AGAINST MY TRIBE!

I GOT WITNESSES. RED'LL BEAR ME OUT...

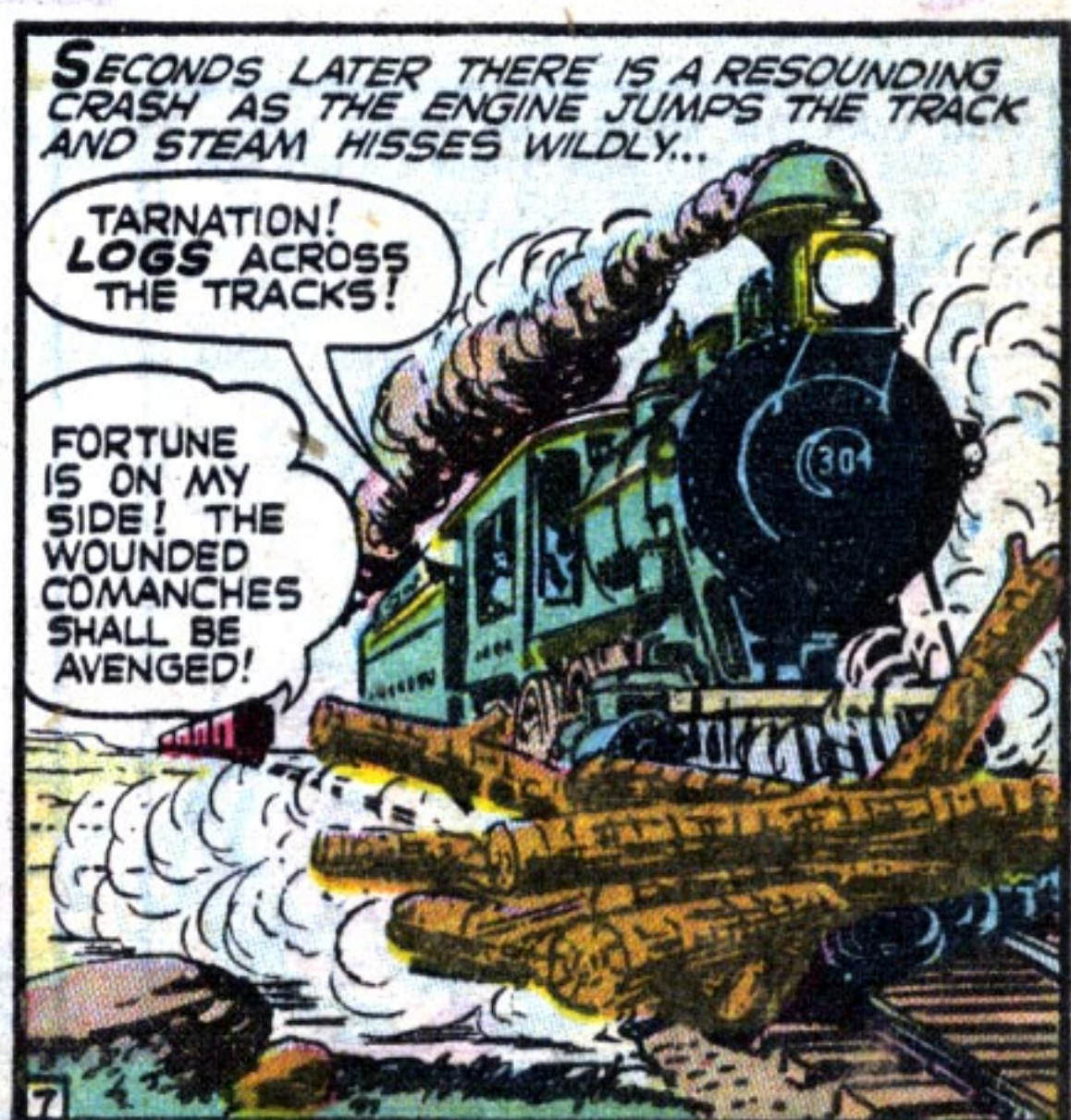
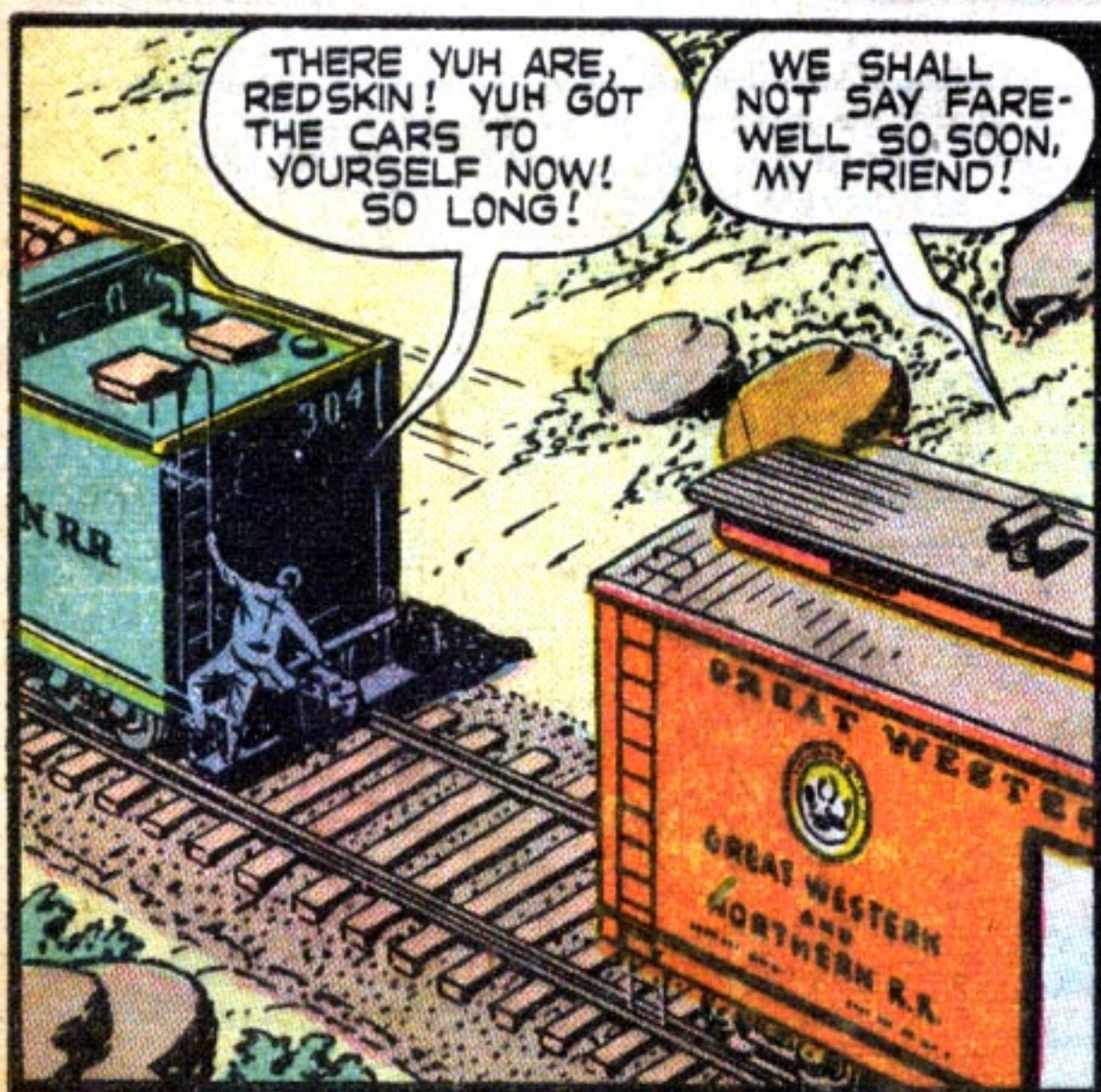
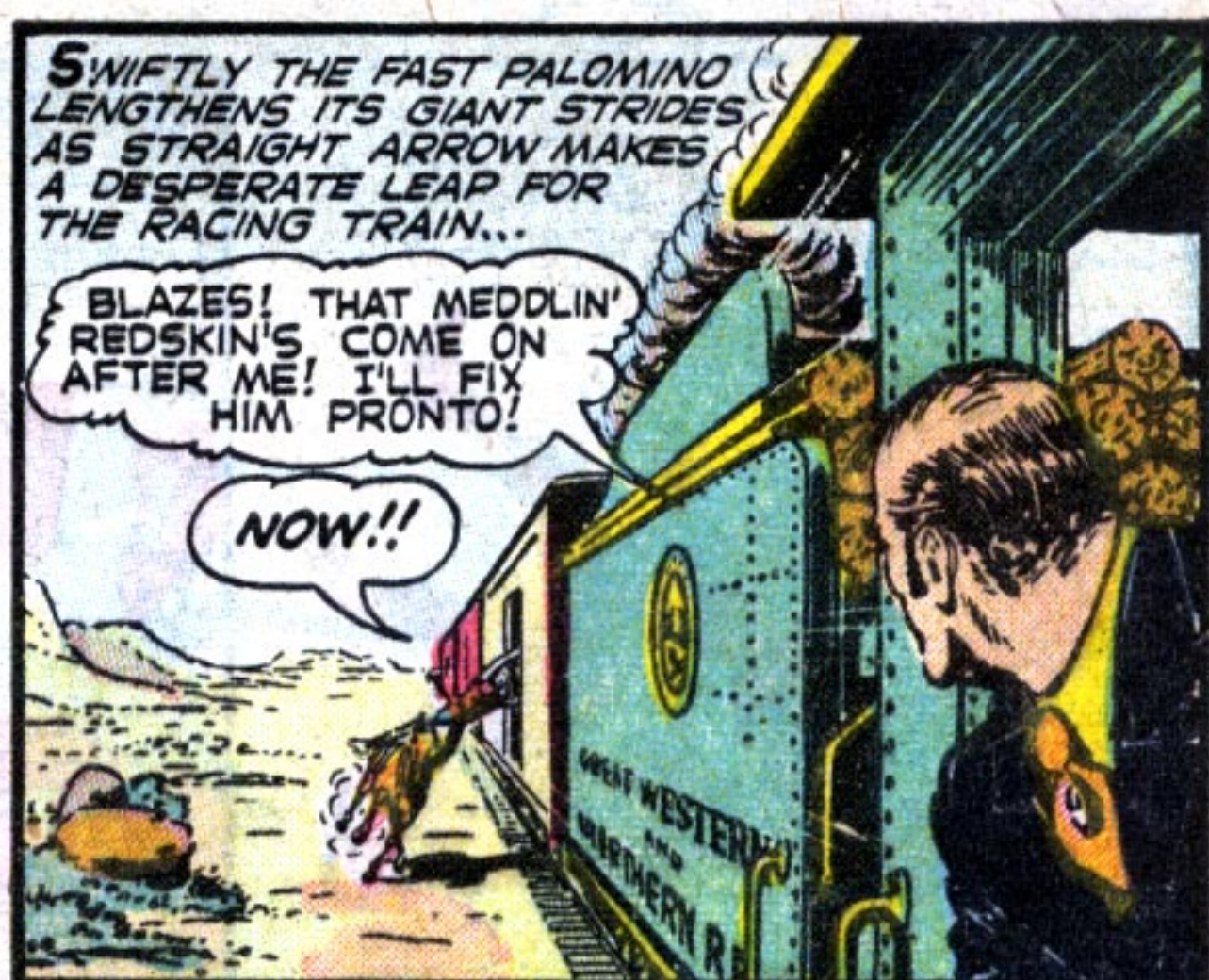
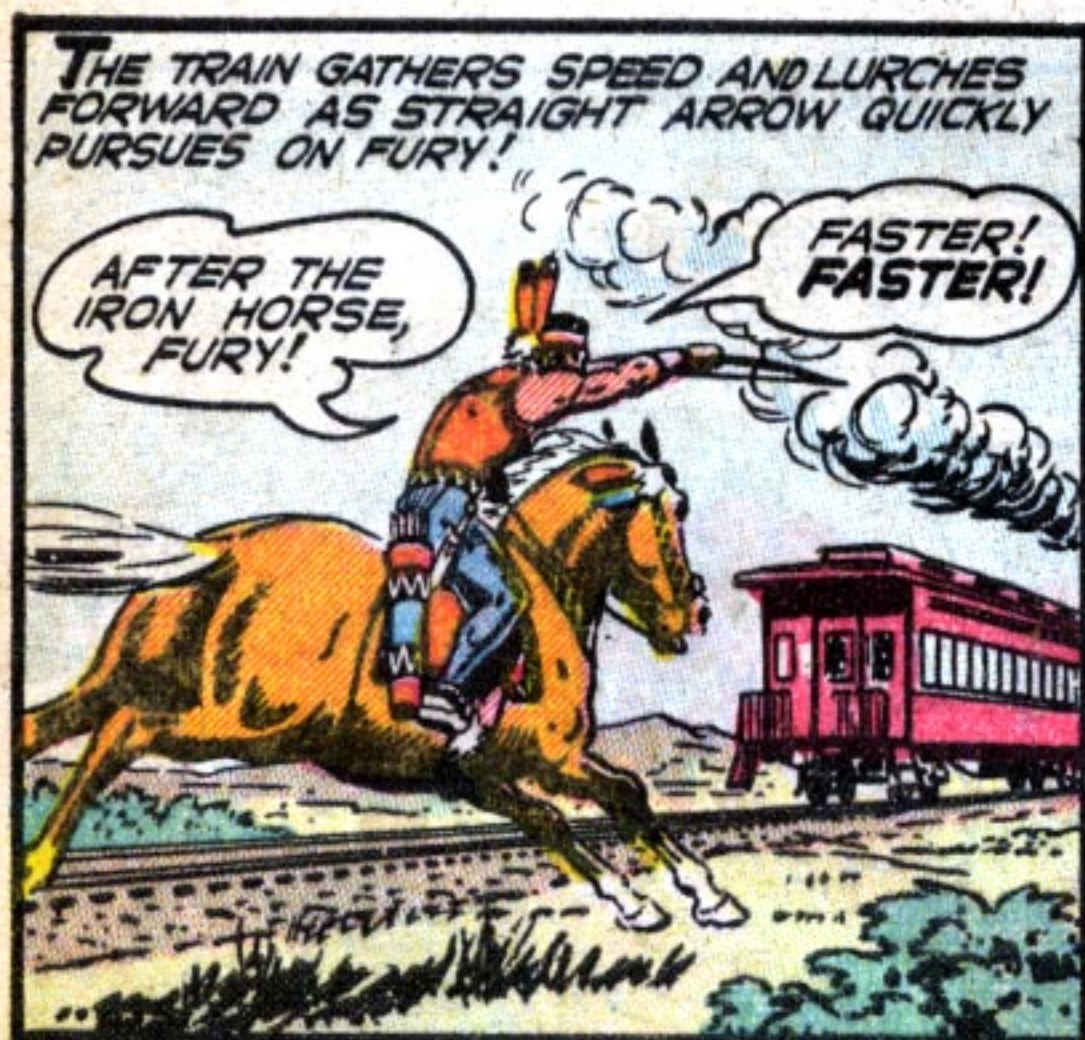
G-GHOST!

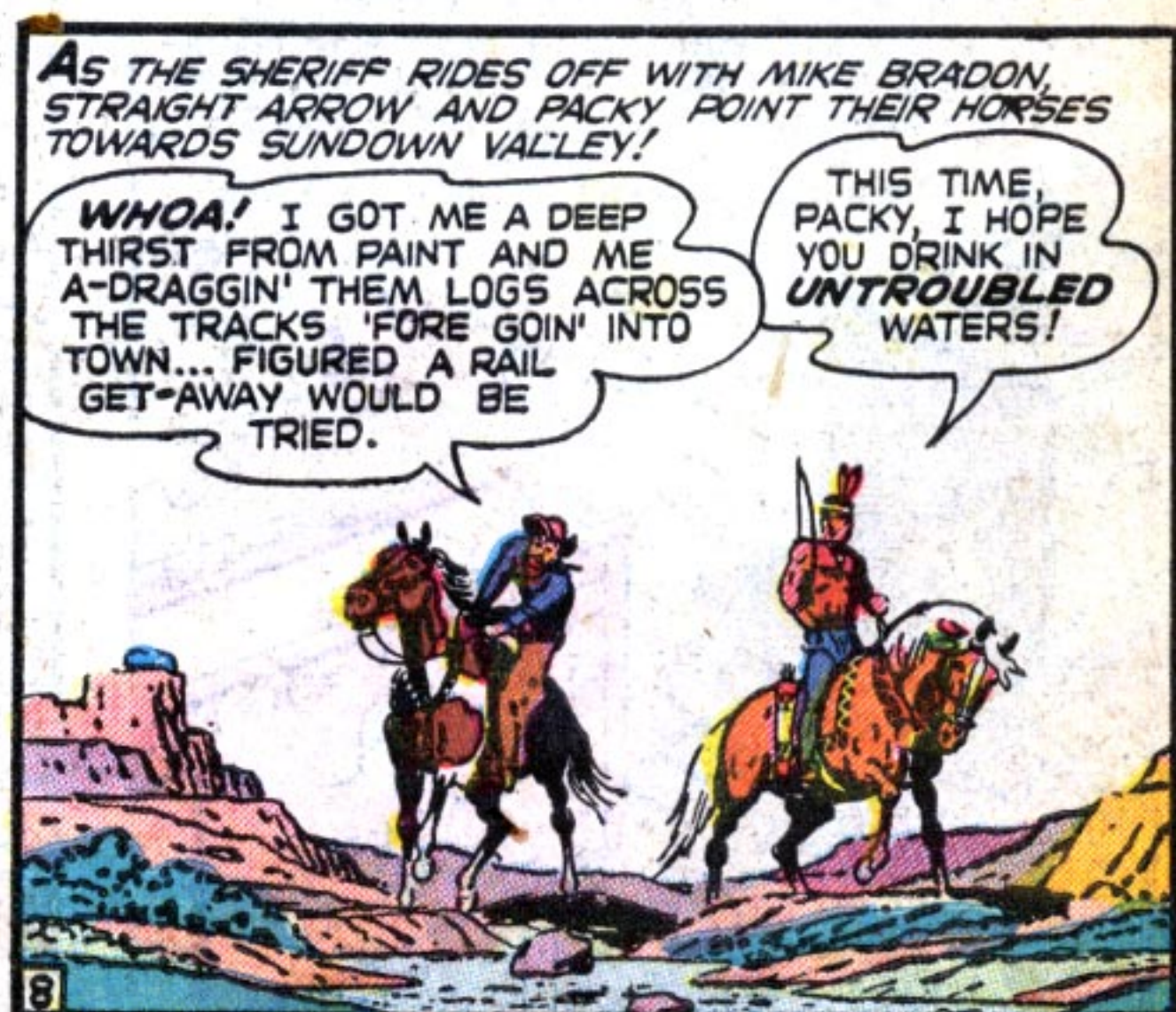
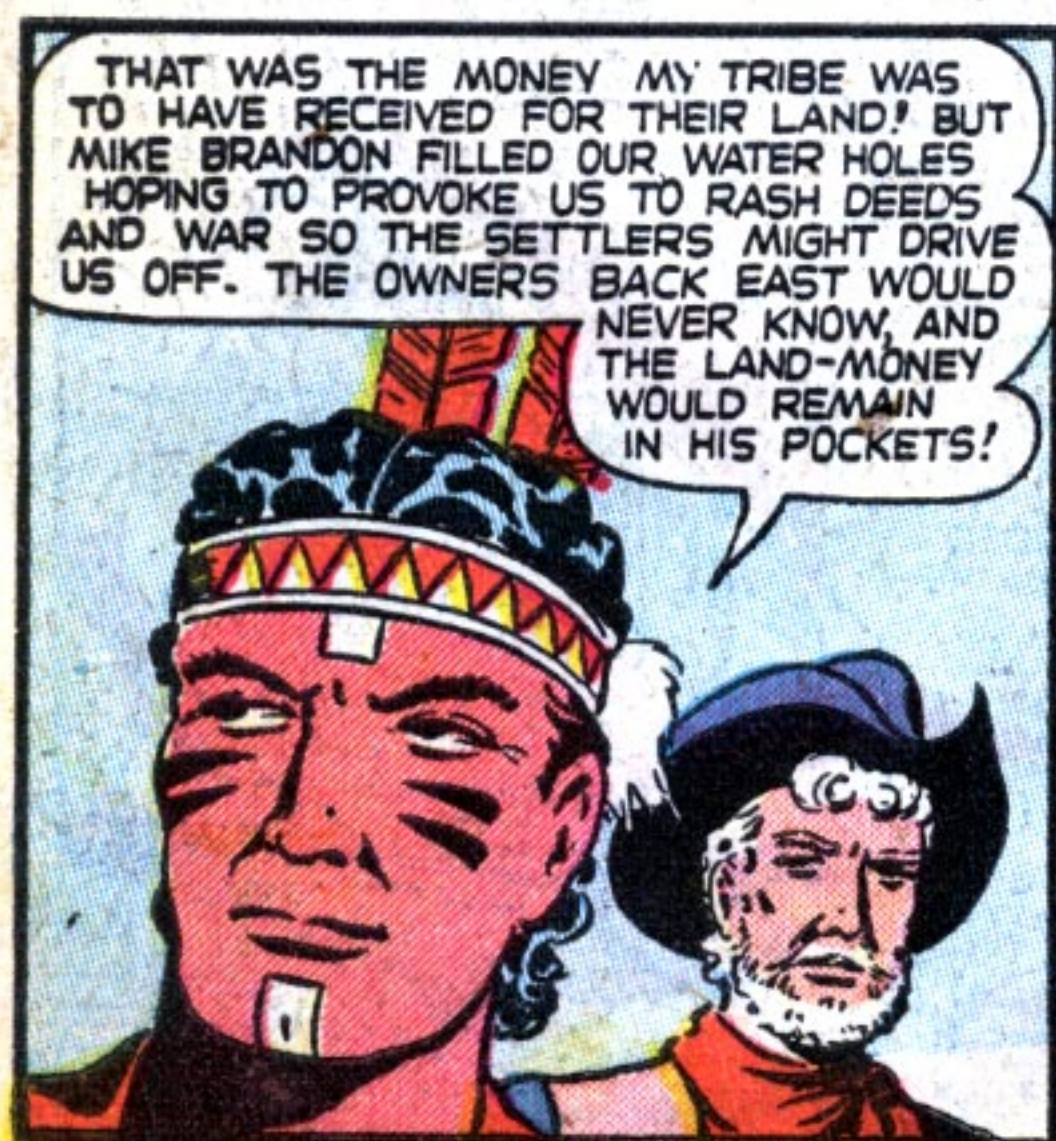
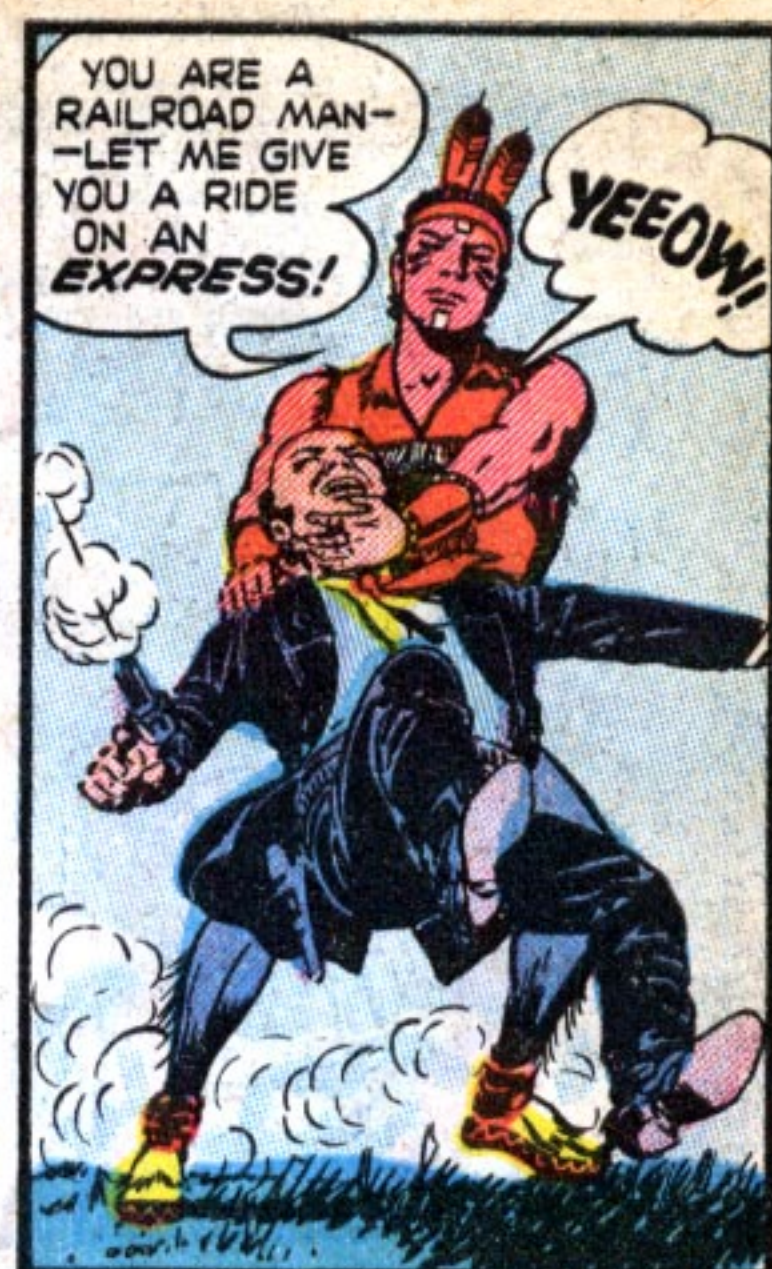
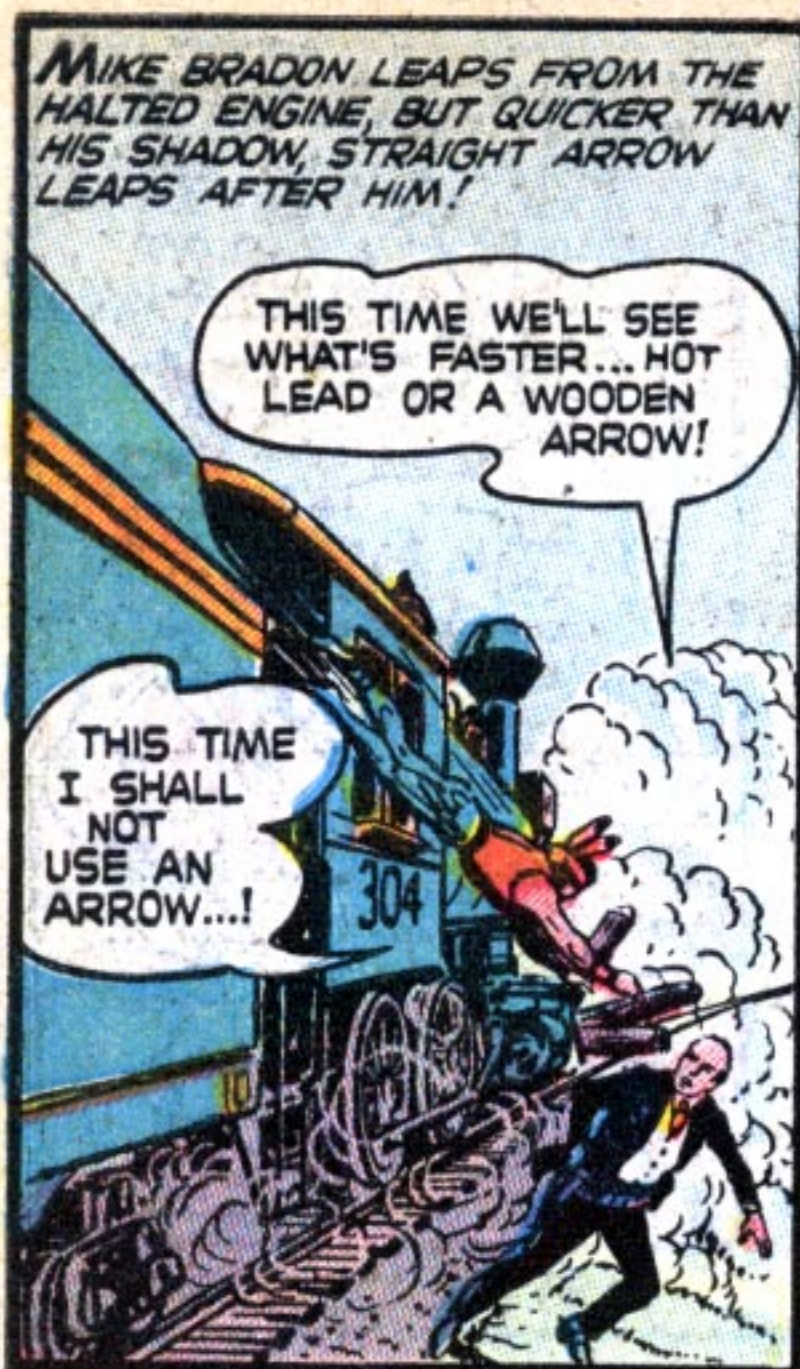


BY CACTUS, THAT'S THE CRITTER WHO BROKE THE SHOVEL OVER MY HEAD AT THUH WATER HOLE!

WHY DID YOU CRY OUT "GHOST" WHEN YOU SAW THIS MAN? HAD YOU THOUGHT HIM DEAD?







STRAIGHT ARROW

THROUGH THE LEGENDS AND TALL TALES OF THE WEST, RUNS THE STORY OF AN ANCIENT SPANISH SHIP THAT WAS THROWN INTO THE DESERT BY A MIGHTY TIDAL WAVE! TO FIND THIS SHIP COME PEGLEG JONES AND HIS PRETTY DAUGHTER, ROSEMARY, GAMBLING THEIR LIVES ON A MISTY FABLE! JOINING THEM IN THEIR DESPERATE STRUGGLE RIDES THE GREAT COMANCHE CHIEFTAIN, STRAIGHT ARROW, TO BATTLE DESPERATE VILLAINY ON—

THE SAND SHIP!



F. Meagher

ACROSS THE BURNING WASTES OF A SOUTH-WESTERN DESERT A MAN STAGGERS... STUMBLES...

THE SHIP'S SOMEWHERE'S OUT HERE! I'VE GOT TO FIND IT! GOT TO...



... AND FALLS, TO LIE MOTIONLESS!

CAN'T GO ON. NO MORE STRENGTH LEFT!



WHEN HE OPENS HIS EYES...

AN INJUN! SAY—MEBBE YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT LOST SHIP, THE MADRE DOLORES...?

DON'T SPEAK OF SHIPS! YOU NEED WATER—AND REST! FOR A MAN WITH A WOODEN LEG, YOU HAVE PLENTY OF NERVE TO TACKLE THIS DESERT!

CAN'T STOP TO REST, INJUN! THANKS FOR THE WATER. I GOT TO SET MY COURSE AGAIN FOR THAT SHIP!

THERE IS NO SHIP IN THE DESERT. YOU WOULD DO BETTER TO COME WITH ME...

AS PEGLEG MARCHES OFF TOWARD A SUNSET, A WORRIED FROWN CREASES THE COMANCHE CHIEF'S BROWS...

AS A COMANCHE, I KNOW THE DESERT AS I KNOW MY OWN FACE—AND I KNOW OF NO LOST SHIP! HE'S ON A FOOL'S ERRAND...

SOME HOURS LATER, AS STRAIGHT ARROW HEADS FOR THE TRIBAL ENCAMPMENT ON THE BANKS OF THE WICHITA RIVER...

A DRIVERLESS STAGE... WITHOUT PASSENGERS!

SUDDENLY, FROM ABOVE...!

SHE EES STEEL EENSIDE! STOP HER! A THOUSAND PESOS TO THE HOMBRE WHO RIDES ME OF THAT GIRL!

INSIDE THE STAGE

THE DRIVER AND THE GUARD—BOTH WOUNDED. EVERYTHING I'VE PLANNED HAS GONE WRONG!

THE THOUSAN' PESOS WEEL BE MINE...!



MY FATHER BELIEVES MY MOTHER IS DESCENDED FROM DON HERNANDO BATIONE, WHO WAS GRANTED MUCH LAND FROM A SPANISH KING! IF MY FATHER CAN **PROVE** MY MOTHER IS A DIRECT DESCENDANT, THEN, AS HER DAUGHTER, I WILL TAKE THAT LAND BY LAW!

MY FATHER HAS AN IDEA — WORKED OUT FROM AN OLD SAILING SHIP, CHARTS AND RECORDS OF TIDAL WAVES — THAT SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT THERE IS A SPANISH SHIP...

YOUR FATHER? HE IS A **SAILOR** WITH A **WOODEN LEG?**

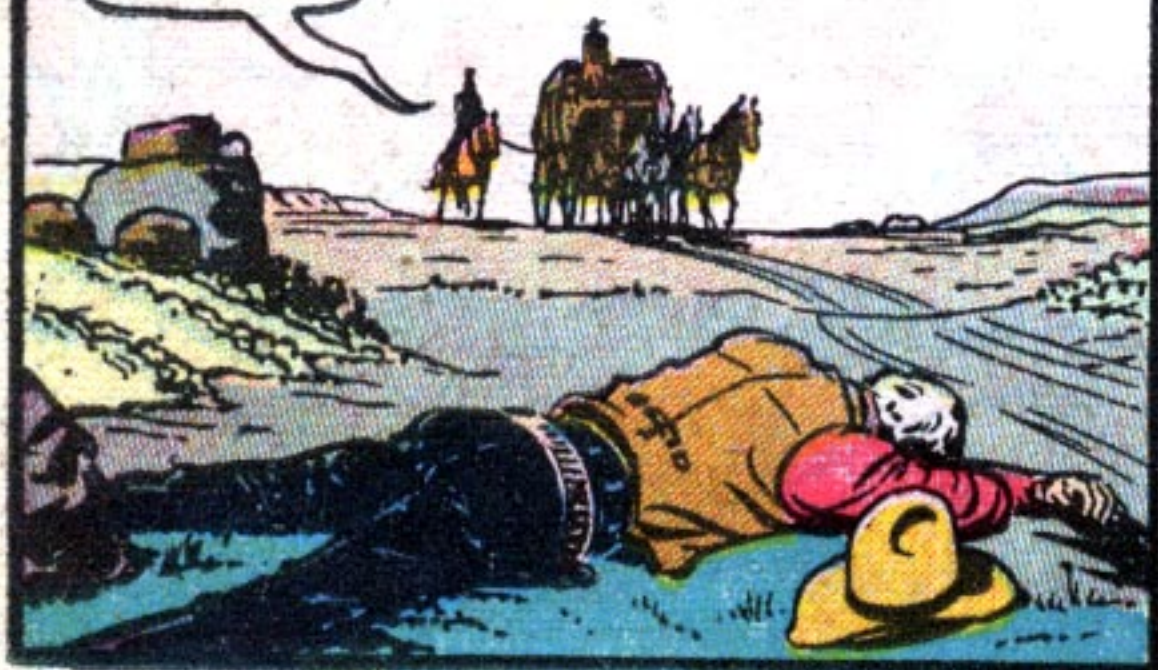
YOU'VE **SEEN** HIM?

I SAW HIM. HE WAS WELL AND STRONG, BUT THIRSTY! HE LEFT ME TO GO HUNTING THE SHIP! I ASSUME THERE MUST BE PROOF OF YOUR ANCESTRY ON BOARD?



FAMILY BIBLES! RECORDS OF BIRTHS! IF WE CAN PROVE WITHOUT DOUBT THAT DON HERNANDO WAS MY ANCESTOR!

LOOK YONDER — A WOUNDED MAN!



BLASTED BANDITS WINGED ME AND THE GUARD! THE HORSES RUN OFF!

EASY, MY FRIEND!

I WILL BANDAGE YOUR WOUND —

HE IS THE ONE WHO DROVE THE STAGE!



AFTER SEEING THE GIRL SAFELY ON HER WAY TOWARD WILLOW BEND, STRAIGHT ARROW RIDES FOR HIS TRIBAL CAMP...

HUNTING A SHIP OF SAND! A GALLEON IN THE DESERT! IT IS LIKE A MADMAN'S DREAM!



BUT THAT NIGHT, AS COMANCHES LEAP AND DANCE ABOUT THEIR CAMP FIRES...

NOT SO MAD, STRAIGHT ARROW! ...I AM AN OLD MAN. YEARS AGO, I HUNTED WITH THE CACOPAH INDIANS! AND THEY HAVE SEEN THIS SHIP, WITH THEIR OWN EYES!



SOME DAYS LATER, IN WILLOW BEND...

STEVE! DOGGONE, I BEEN WORRIED 'BOUT YUH! WE MISSED YUH AT THE BROKEN BOW RANCH.

I HAD TO ATTEND A TRIBAL FETE AS STRAIGHT ARROW, PACKY. BUT COME, LET'S GET THOSE SUPPLIES MESQUITE MOLLY WILL BE NEEDING...

EET WAS SMART OF ANDSOME CARLOS TO HIRE OUT AS GUIDE TO THEE SO-PRETTY MEES JONES!

HA! HA! HE EES FOR POOL THEE WOOL OVER HER EYES! DON DIEGO EES VERY PLEESSE!!

PACKY, YOU HEAR THAT? THOSE MEN WERE AMONG THE GUNSLICKS WHO SHOT AT ROSEMARY JONES! ONE OF THEIR BUNCH HAS TRICKED HER—HIRED OUT AS HER GUIDE!

I DON'T SAVVY YORE DRIFT, STEVE!

WHO IN TARNATION IS ROSEMARY JONES?

I'VE NO TIME TO EXPLAIN! THEY DON'T RECOGNIZE STEVE ADAMS AS STRAIGHT ARROW—BUT THAT'S NO REASON WHY STRAIGHT ARROW CAN'T ACT ON THE INFORMATION!

A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE BROKEN BOW RANCH LIES SUNDOWN VALLEY. IN A SECRET CAVE STANDS A GREAT GOLDEN PALOMINO—

EASY, GREAT HORSE! IT IS I, STRAIGHT ARROW!!!

RUN SWIFTLY, FURY... KANEEWAHHH!!!

MILES AHEAD OF THE RACING COMANCHE CHIEFTAIN, ON THE HOT SANDS OF THE GREAT SOUTHWESTERN DESERT...

LO HIYA!

HEY...! HELP! WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE SEVEN SEAS...?



MINUTES LATER, IN THE WRECKED HOLD OF THE OLD SHIP

BY THE FIVE CONTINENTS! LOOK! OLD BIBLES! FAMILY RECORDS! EVERYTHING I NEED TO PROVE MY DAUGHTER OUGHT TO INHERIT THE RANCHITO GRANDE!

THE HOT, DRY AIR PRESERVED THEM PERFECTLY... LISTEN! I HEARD A SCREAM!



YOU WERE RIGHT, MISS ROSEMARY. THERE EES A LOST SHEEP - AN' THAT MEANS - YOU DIE!

ROSEMARY - AND ONE OF DIEGO'S MEN!



GET ON THE SHIP, YOUNG LADY! YOUR FATHER IS THERE, WAITING FOR YOU...!

GNNGGG!



AT THAT INSTANT, UP AND OVER A LONG, SLOPING SAND DUNE CAME DON DIEGO BATIONE AND HIS HARDCASE CREW!

THERE THEY ARE! SHOOT! SHOOT THEE GIRL!



DON DIEGO! HE TRAILED YOU... FIGURING THAT WHEN THE TIME CAME, HE AND HIS HENCHMAN CARLOS COULD PUT YOU OUT OF THE WAY...!



THEY ARE MANY - AND THEY HAVE GUNS AND PLENTY OF AMMUNITION! ALL WE HAVE IS MY QUIVER FULL OF ARROWS!

JUST WHEN I'VE GOT ALL MY RECORDS ALL LINED UP! NOW WE'RE GOIN' TO LOSE 'EM! NOT TO MENTION OUR LIVES!



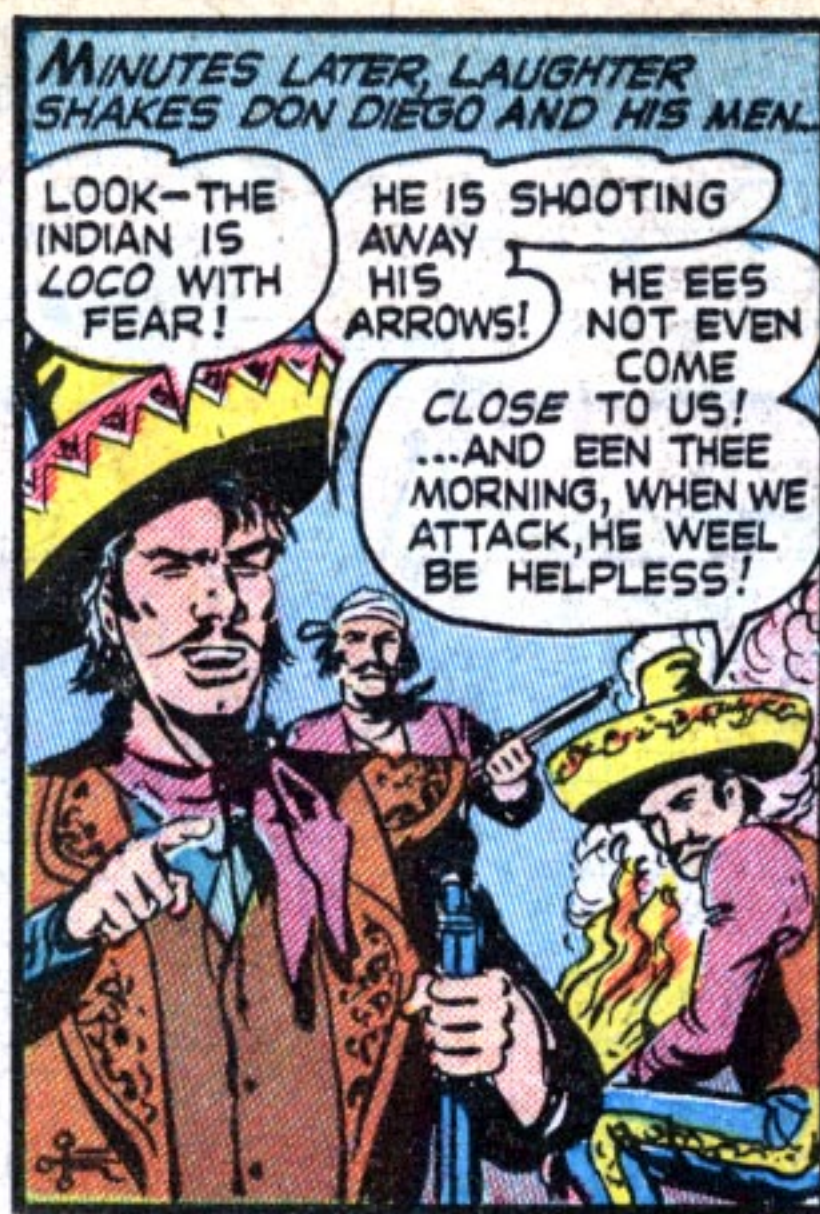
AS DUSK COMES DOWN, STRAIGHT ARROW GOES BELOW DECK...

THERE OUGHT TO BE SOMETHING HERE... SOMEWHERE... THAT I CAN USE... IN THIS DRY AIR THESE OLD CHEMICALS KEEP PERFECTLY, LIKE THE GUNPOWDER IN THE BARRELS NEAR THE OLD CANNON ON THE GUN DECK...





NOW TO MIX IN THE RIGHT AMOUNTS—



MINUTES LATER, LAUGHTER SHAKES DON DIEGO AND HIS MEN.

LOOK—THE INDIAN IS LOCO WITH FEAR!

HE IS SHOOTING AWAY HIS ARROWS!

HE EES NOT EVEN COME

CLOSE TO US! ...AND EEN THEE MORNING, WHEN WE ATTACK, HE WEEL BE HELPLESS!



BUT WITH THE HOT MORNING SUNLIGHT, THE ARROWS THAT MISSED BLOW UP, CLOSE TO DON DIEGO'S HORSES...

THE HORSES—SHE ARE ALL RUN AWAY!



THREE HOURS LATER!

WE WEEL DIE ON THE DESERT ON FOOT! OUR WATER EES LOW!

COME BACK, YOU FOOLISH 'ORSES!

CARAMBA!



THEY WILL BE SO BUSY TRYING TO ROUND UP THEIR FRIGHTENED HORSES, WE WILL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO RIDE OFF!

I HAVE MY EVIDENCE FOR COURT!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, STRAIGHT ARROW! WHAT MADE THOSE ARROWS EXPLODE!



I PUT SOME GUNPOWDER IN LITTLE CLOTH POUCHES THAT I TIED TO MY ARROWS! FROM THE SURGEON'S SUPPLIES, I TOOK SOME POWDERED LEAD—WHICH BURSTS INTO FLAME ON CONTACT WITH SUNLIGHT! WHEN THE SUN CAME UP, THE POWDERED LEAD EXPLODED THE GUNPOWDER!

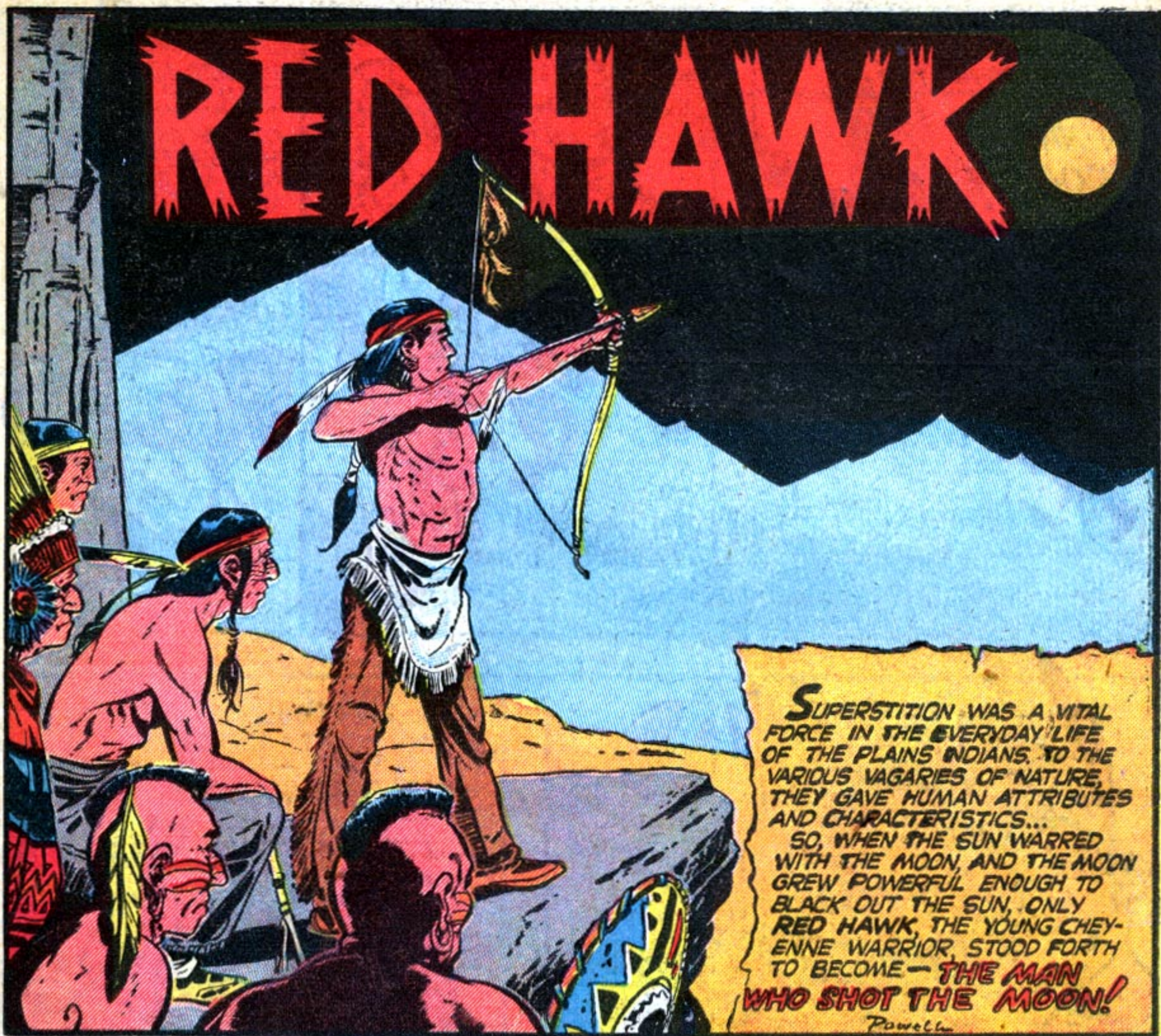


WE SURRENDER, STRAIGHT ARROW! DO NOT LEAVE US TO DIE!

YOU 'AVE HORSE! GET OURS! WE WEEL BE YOUR PRISONERS!

I WILL GET YOUR HORSES, AFTER YOU HAVE BEEN TIED UP! SINCE MISS ROSEMARY HAS A RANCH TO INHERIT, I DON'T WANT TO TAKE ANY MORE CHANCES OF HER NOT GETTING IT!

RED HAWK



SUPERSTITION WAS A VITAL FORCE IN THE EVERYDAY LIFE OF THE PLAINS INDIANS. TO THE VARIOUS VAGARIES OF NATURE, THEY GAVE HUMAN ATTRIBUTES AND CHARACTERISTICS... SO, WHEN THE SUN WARRED WITH THE MOON, AND THE MOON GREW POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BLACK OUT THE SUN, ONLY RED HAWK, THE YOUNG CHEYENNE WARRIOR, STOOD FORTH TO BECOME — **THE MAN WHO SHOT THE MOON!**

Powell

THUNDERING HOOFES SHAKE THE EARTH AS CHEYENNE PONIES RACE IN AMONG THE GREAT SHAGGY BUFFALO ON A SEASONAL HUNT...



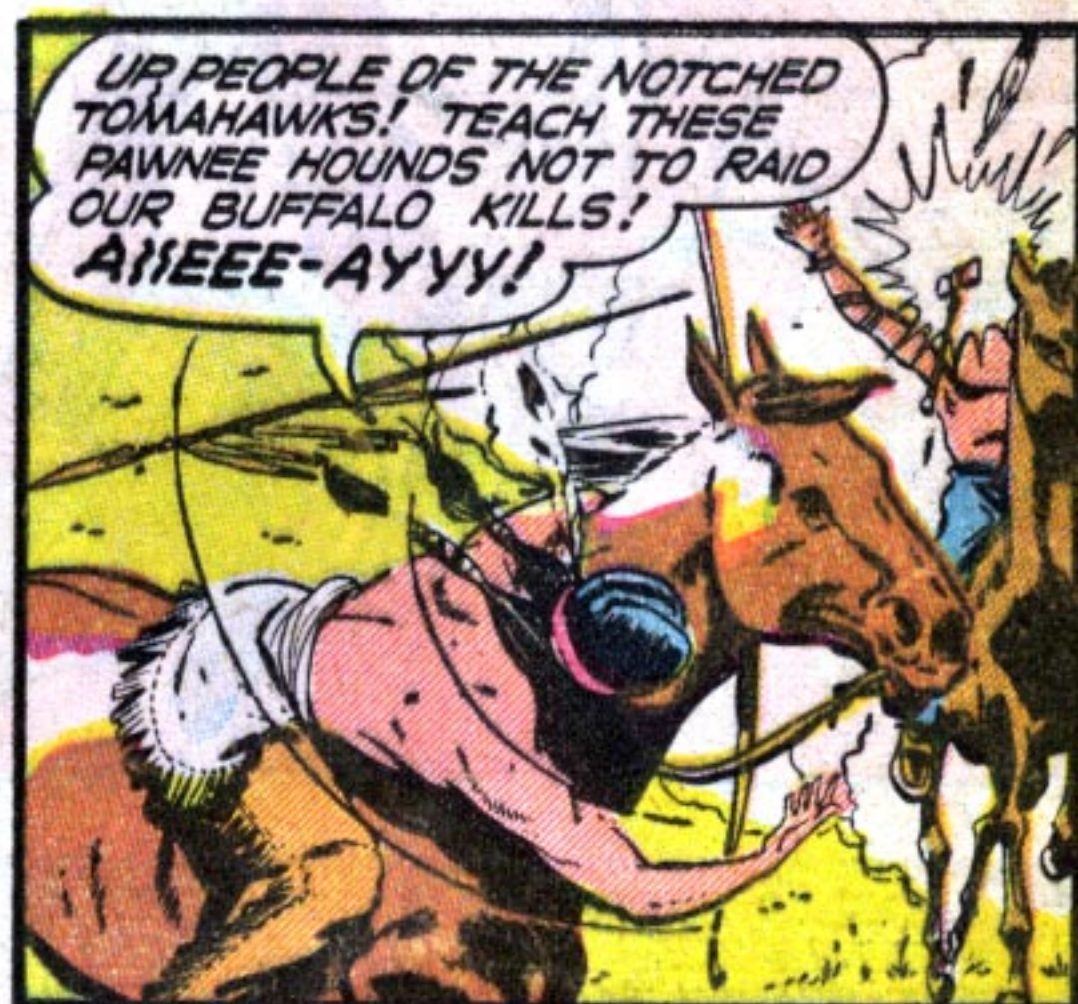
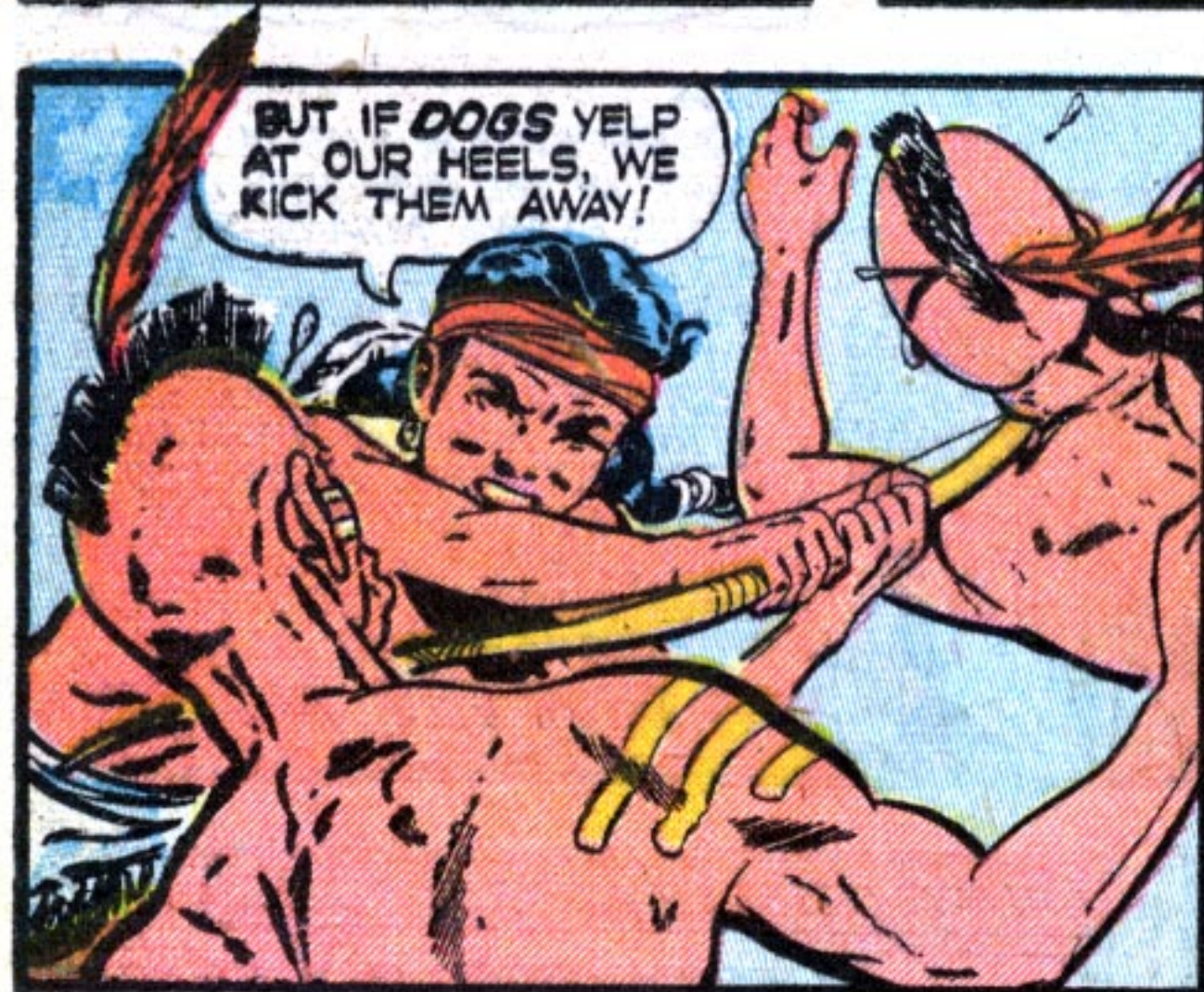
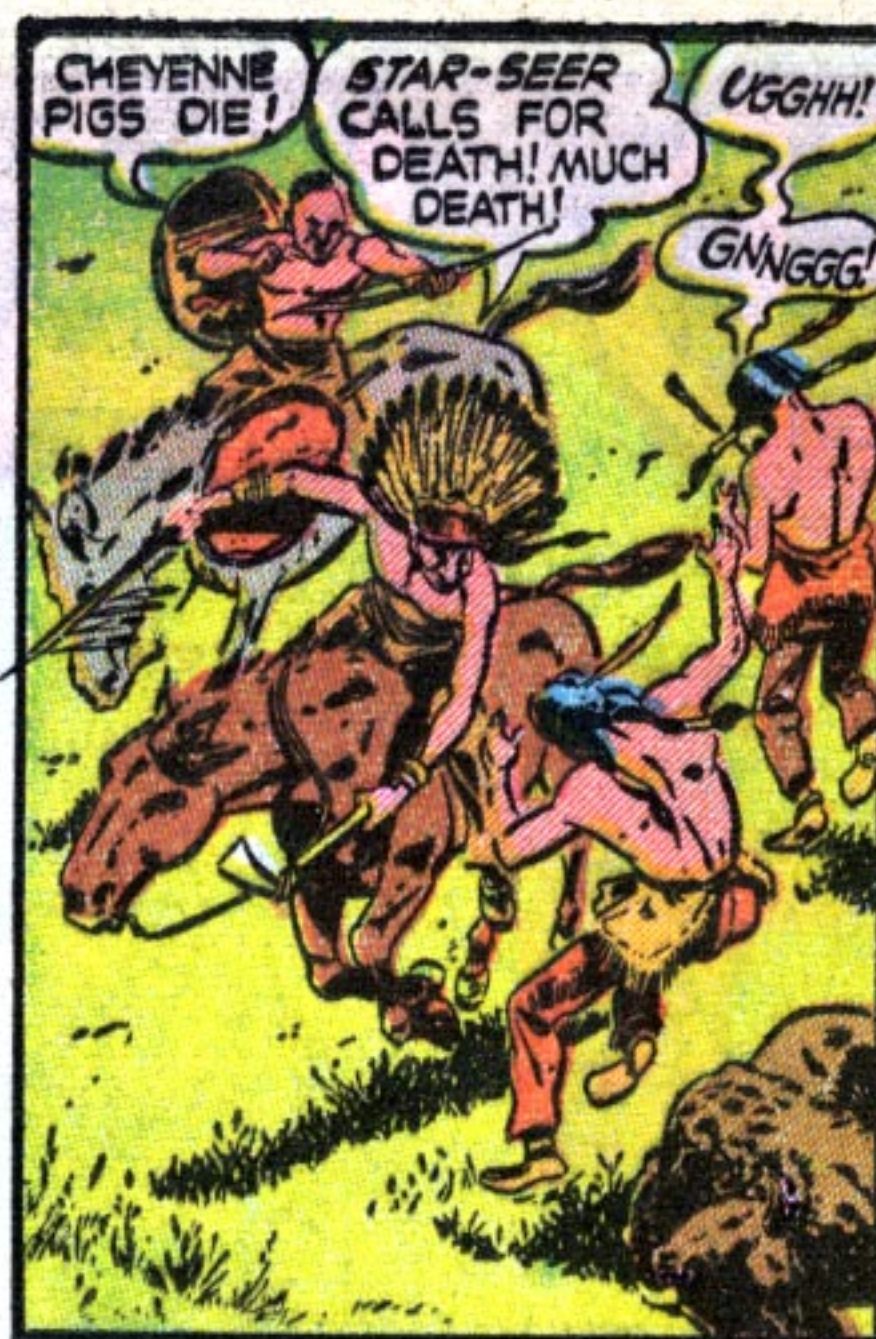
ON THE CREST OF A NEARBY RIDGE... AH-TA-NO!

CHEYENNE DOGS!

HE-WHO-SEES-THE-STARS SAYS THEY MUST DIE!

WE WILL ATTACK!





THE HUNTING PARTY RETURNS TO THE LODGES, TO FIND THE ENTIRE CAMP PLUNGED IN HEAVY GLOOM...



NO ONE LAUGHS!

LISTEN! I CAN HEAR THE WOMEN CRYING!

WHAT HAS HAPPENED? HAS ALL THE WORLD GONE CRAZY?

THE WORLD IS DYING! SOON WE WILL ALL BE DEAD! HE-WHO-SEES-THE-STARS HAS SENT WORD ACROSS THE PRAIRIES! THE SUN IS GOING TO DIE!

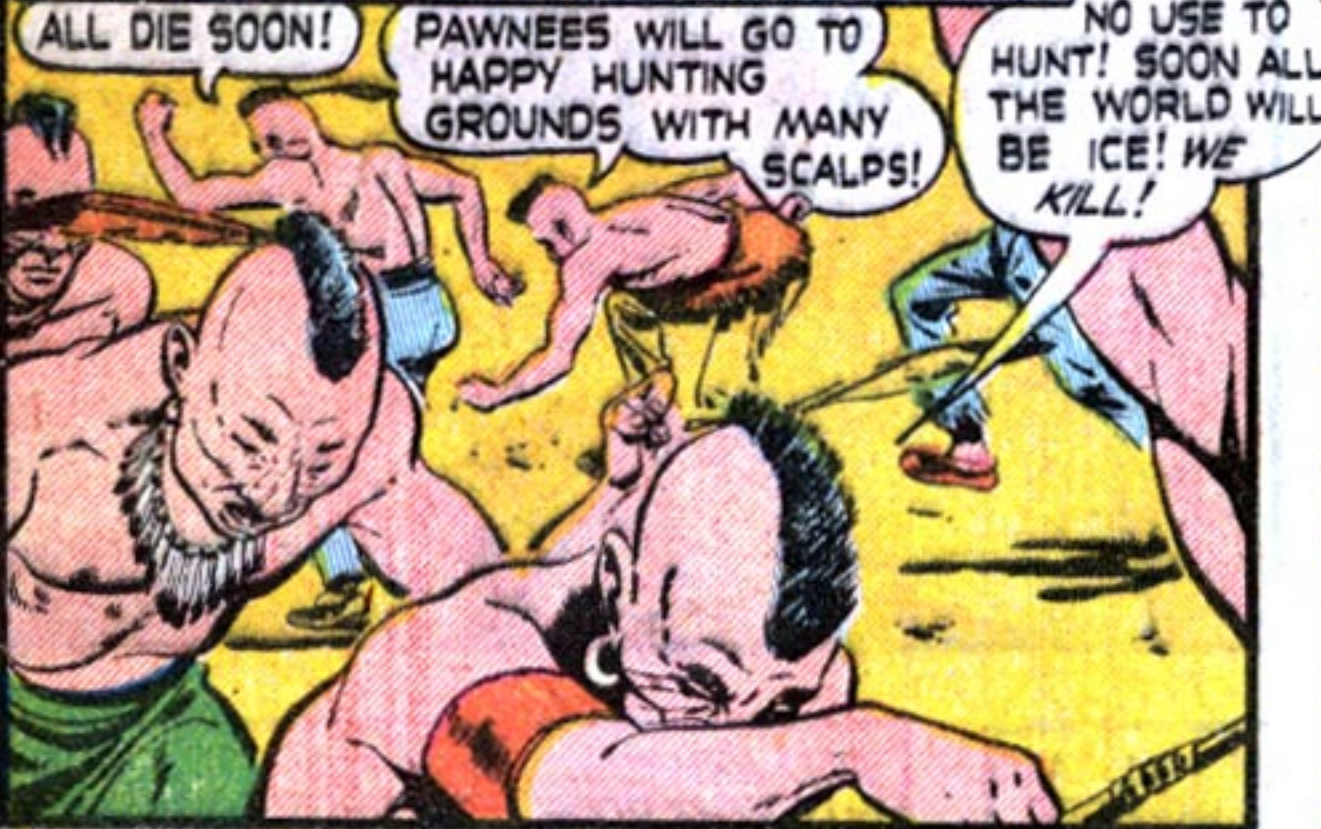


AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE DISTANT PAWNEE CAMP THE GREAT MEDICINE MAN, HE-WHO-SEES-THE-STARS, SHAKES OUT THE BIG PAWNEE STAR MAP THAT HAS BEEN HANDED DOWN FOR GENERATIONS...

THERE CAN BE NO MISTAKE! I HAVE STUDIED THE STAR MAP OF OUR FATHERS, AND I SPEAK THE TRUTH! - THE SUN WILL DIE!



IN FEAR AND DESPAIR, THE PAWNEE BRAVES DON WAR-PAINT AND BRING OUT THEIR HIDE WAR DRUMS! LONG INTO THE NIGHT, THEIR WARRIORS DANCE...



ALL DIE SOON!

PAWNEES WILL GO TO HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS WITH MANY SCALPS!

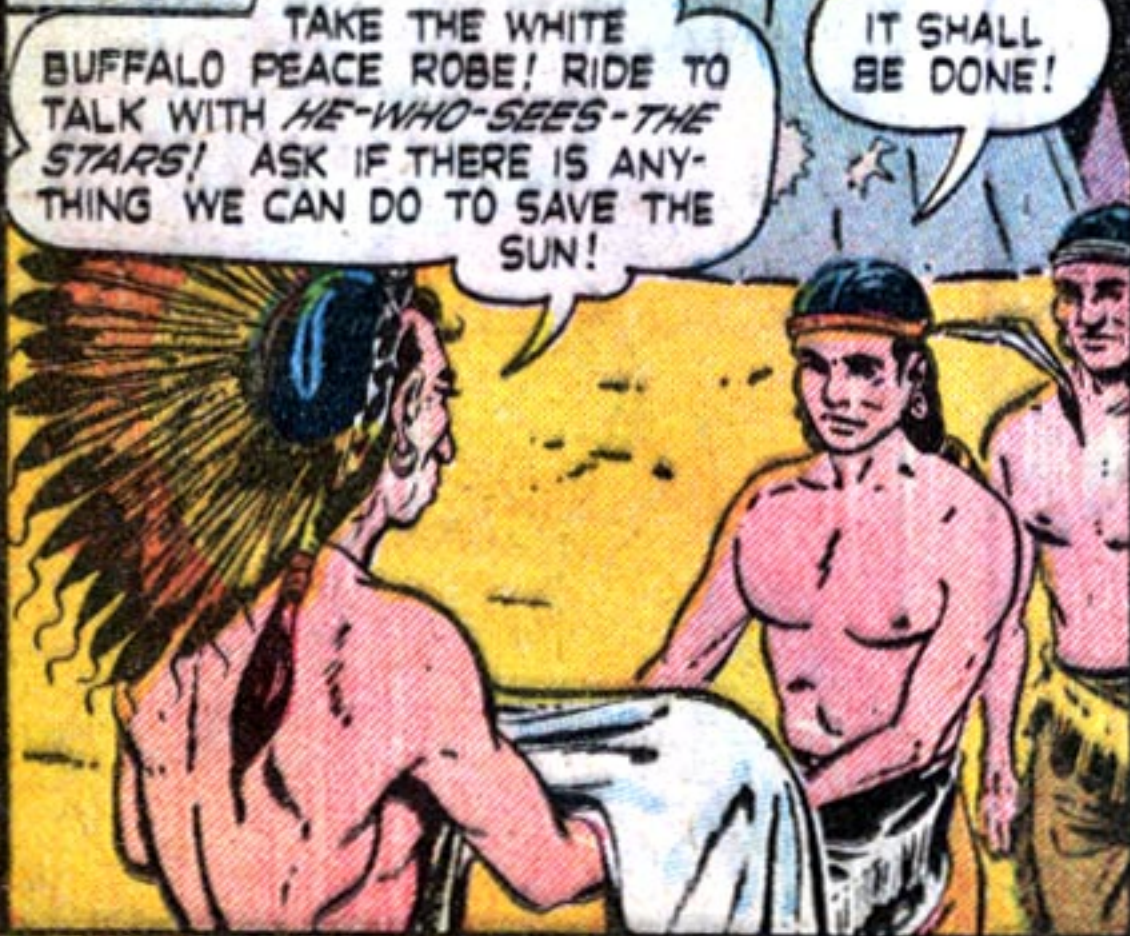
NO USE TO HUNT! SOON ALL THE WORLD WILL BE ICE! WE KILL!

WORD SWEEPS ACROSS THE PRAIRIES! - THE WORLD IS DOOMED! ARAPAHO MEN TOSS ASHES ON THEIR HEADS...



SOON WE DIE... SOON WE DIE...

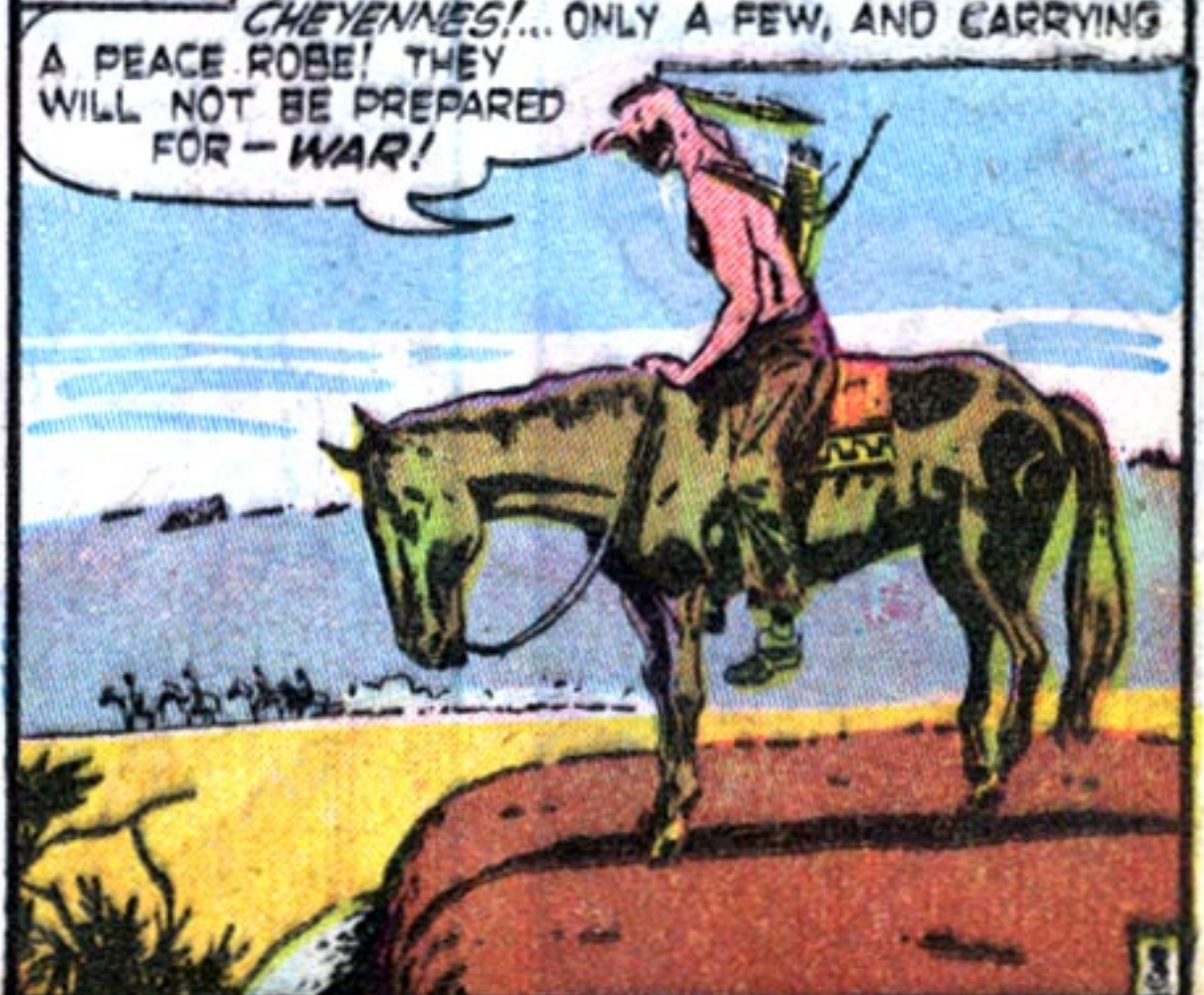
OSAGE AND UTE, KIOWA AND SIOUX, PAINT THEIR FACES BLACK! EVERYWHERE IS THERE GLOOM AND UNEASINESS...AND, IN THE CHEYENNE VILLAGE...



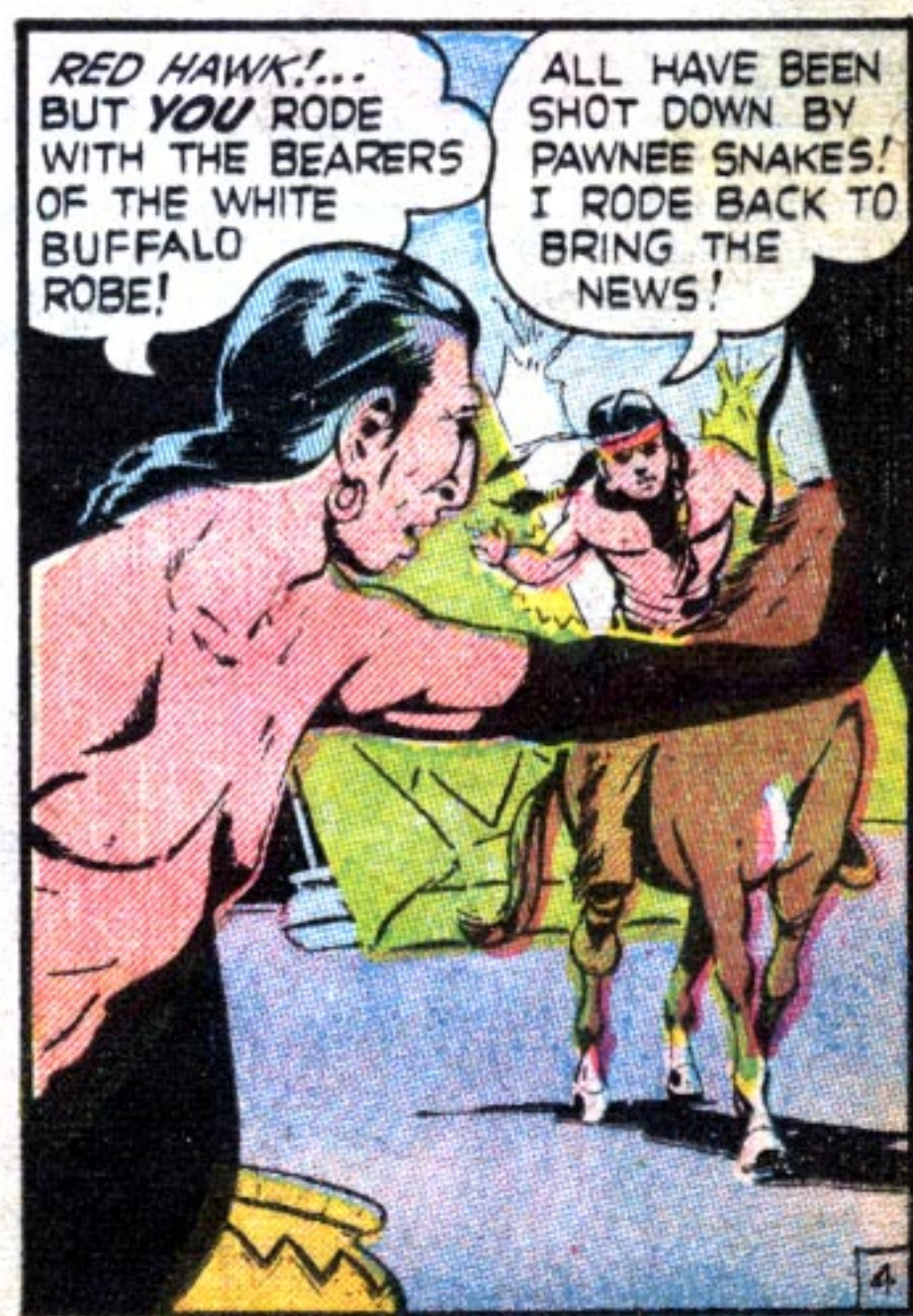
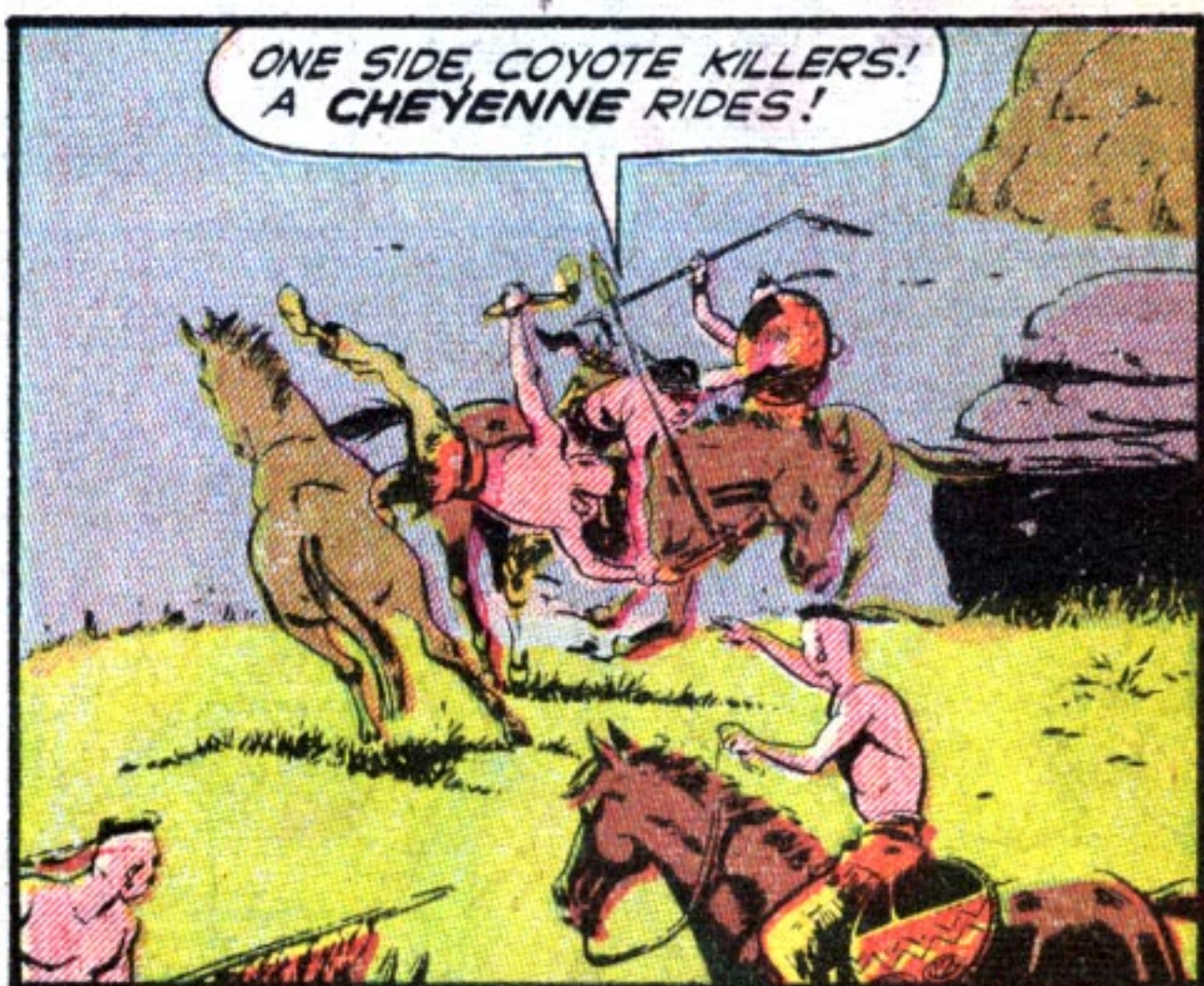
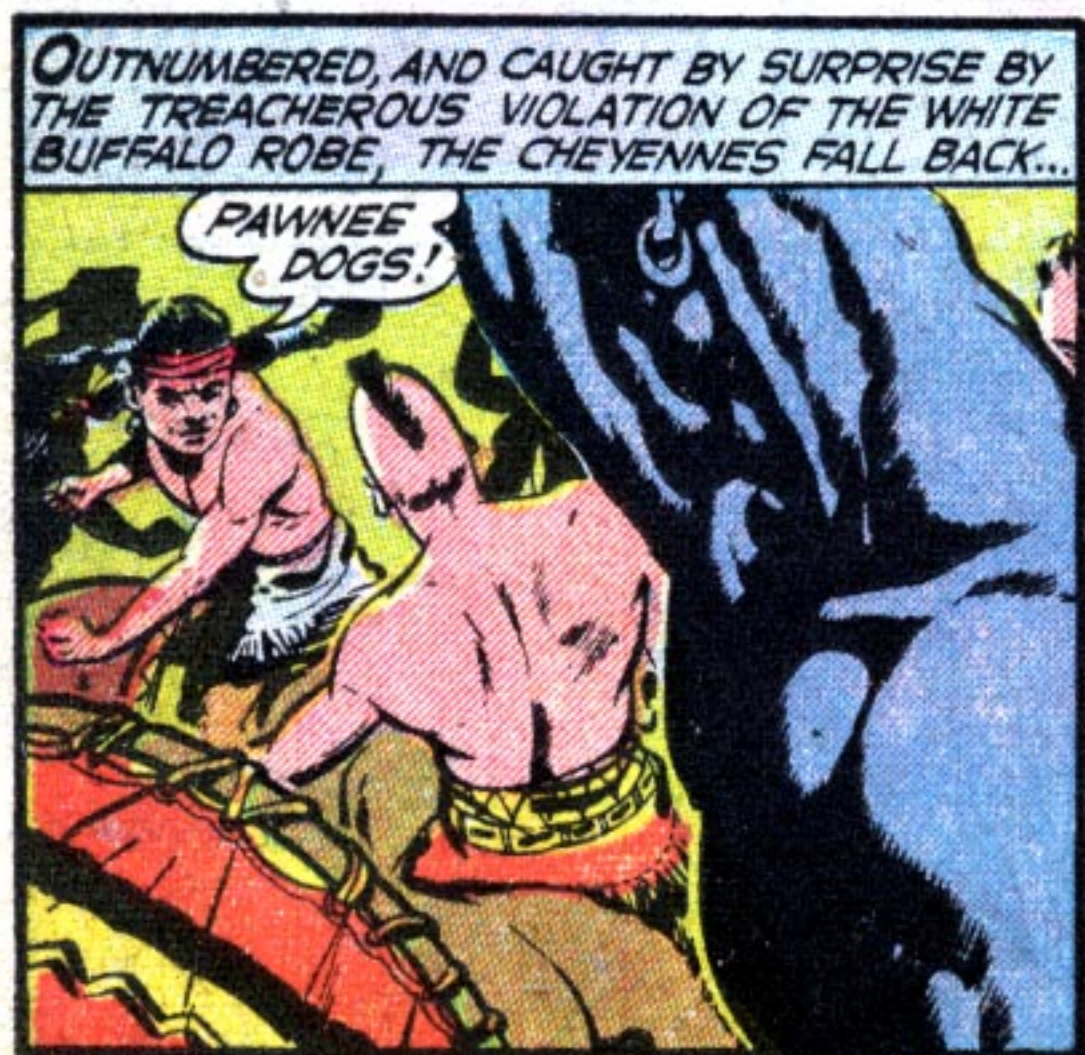
TAKE THE WHITE BUFFALO PEACE ROBE! RIDE TO TALK WITH HE-WHO-SEES-THE-STARS! ASK IF THERE IS ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO SAVE THE SUN!

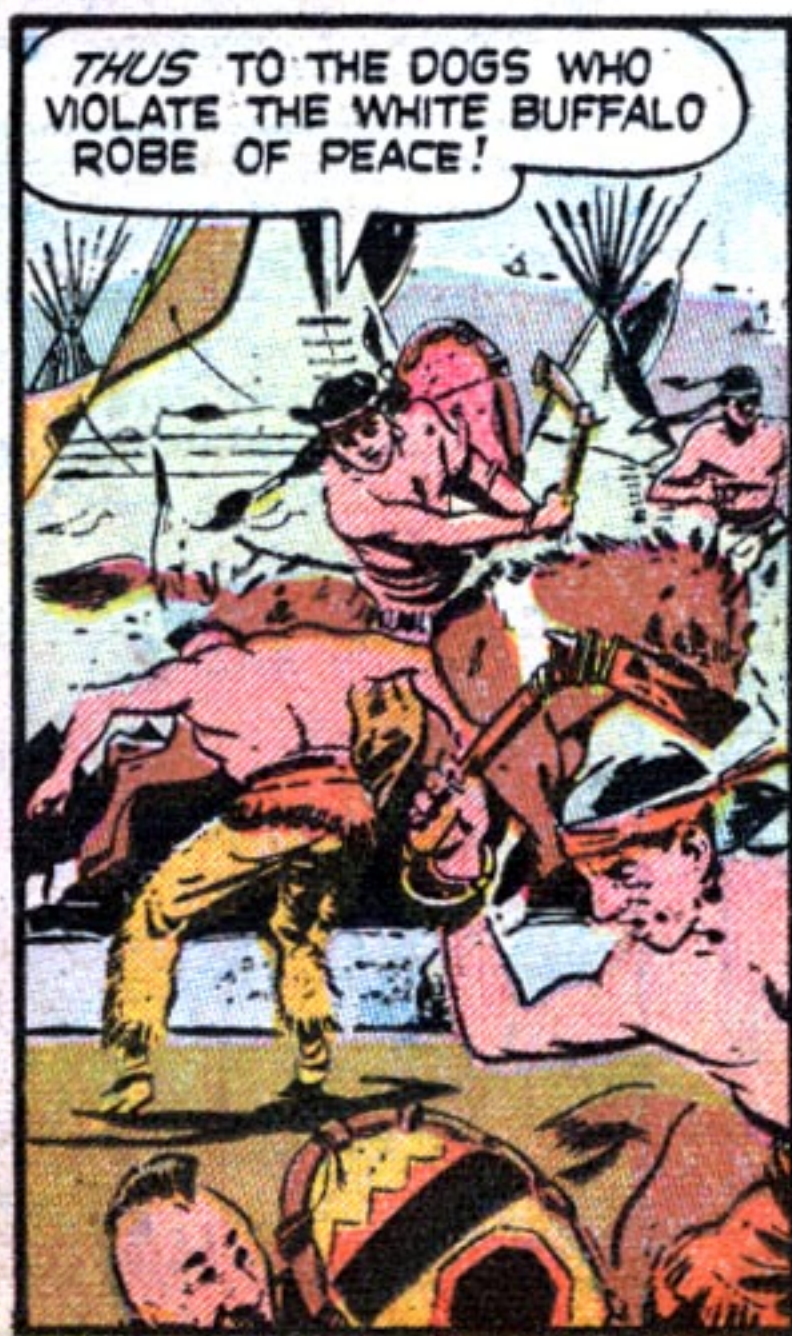
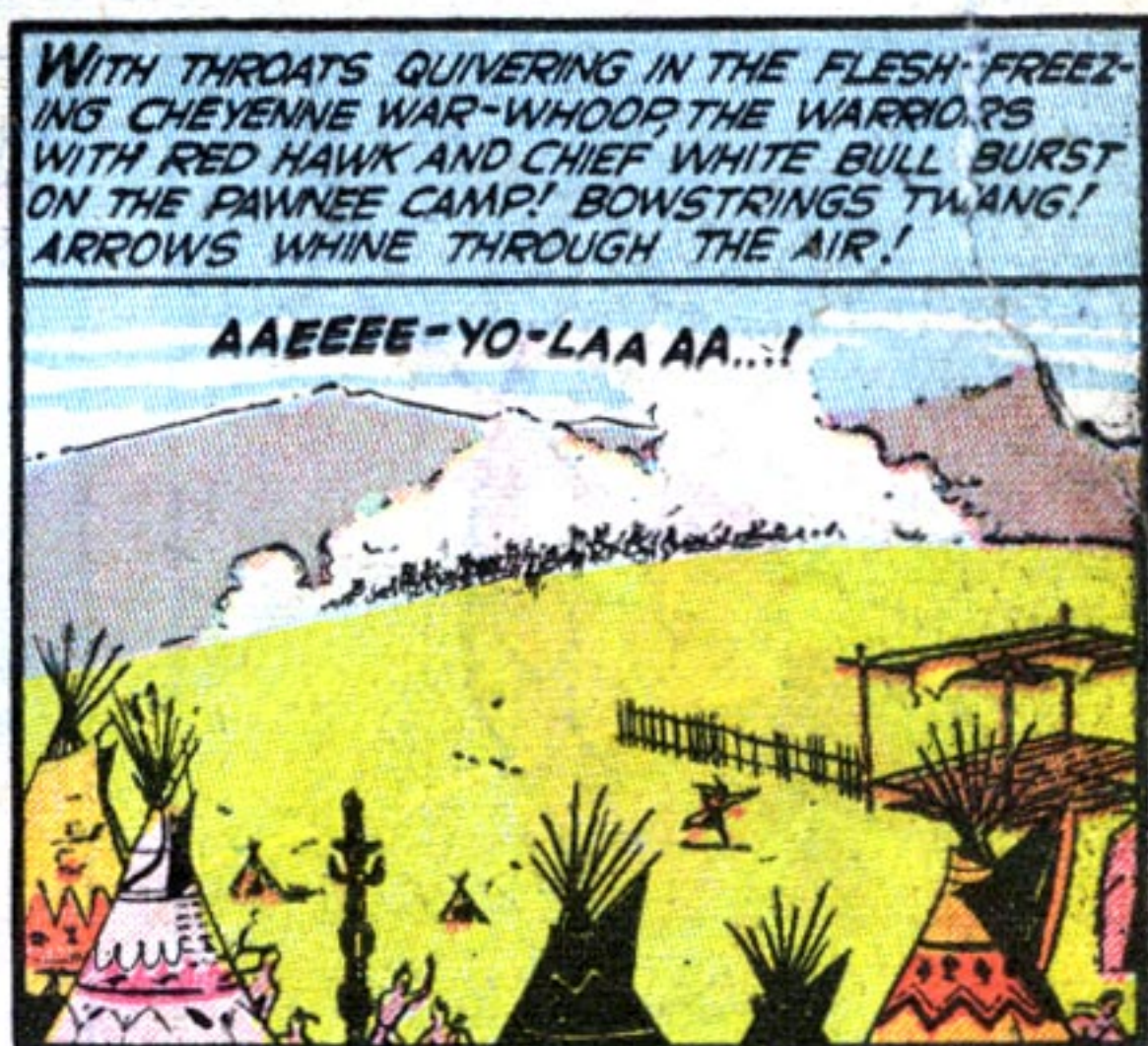
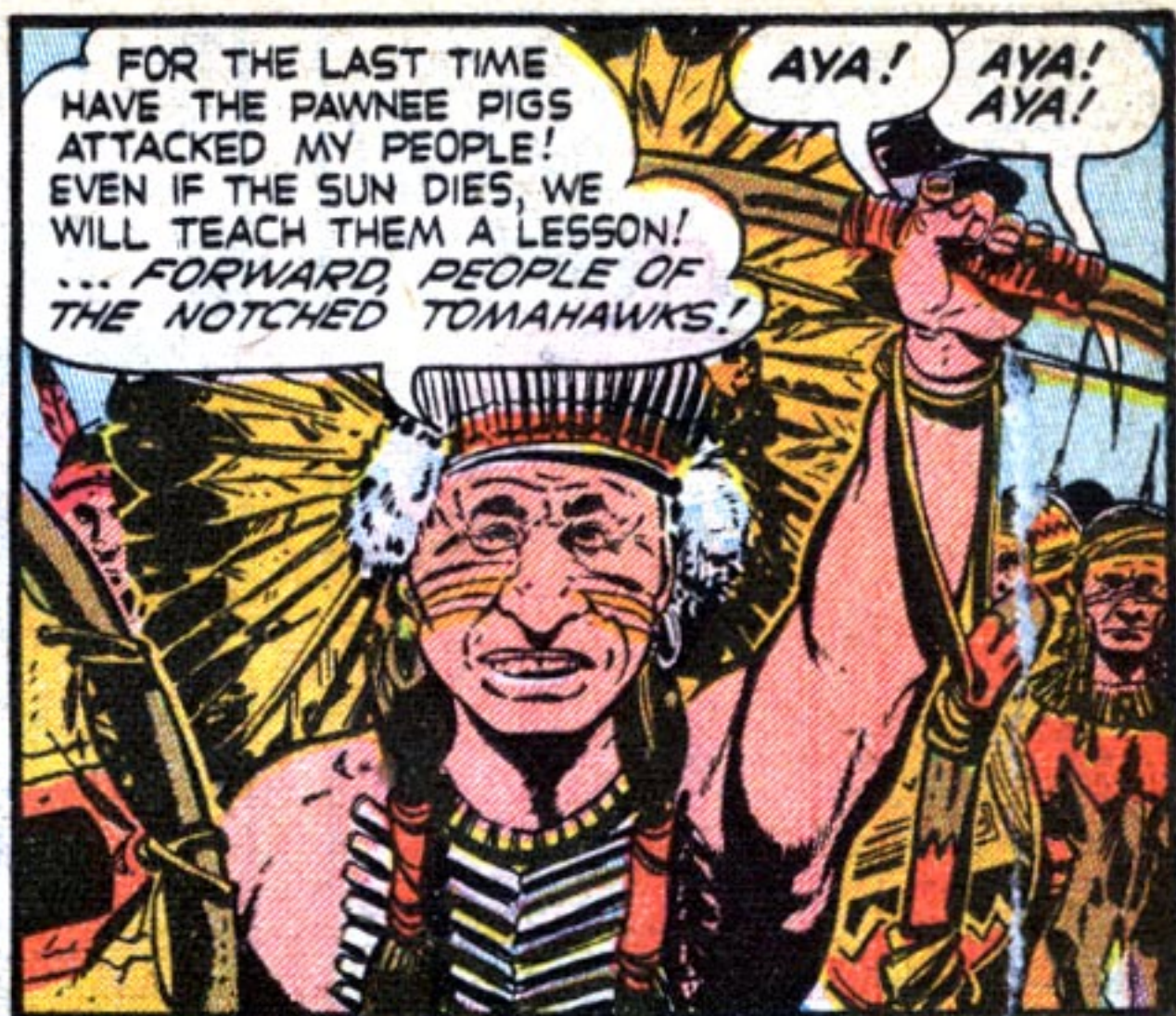
IT SHALL BE DONE!

BUT, AS THE THIN LINE OF CHEYENNE BRAVES RIDE SOUTH...



CHEYENNES!... ONLY A FEW, AND CARRYING A PEACE ROBE! THEY WILL NOT BE PREPARED FOR - WAR!





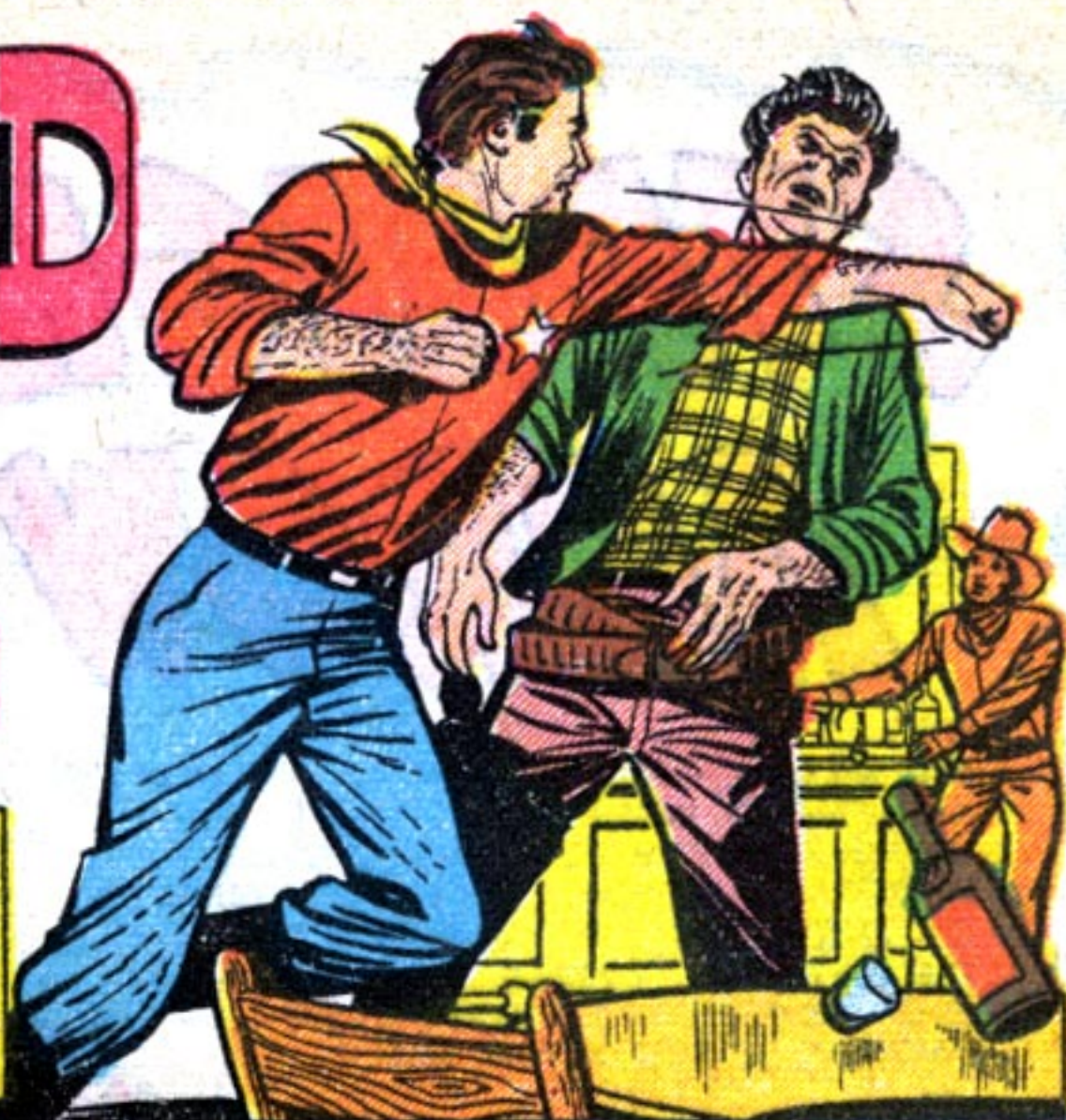


And so the sun returned to beam its heat and warmth down on the red people of the plains. Their world was born anew, on the slim, speeding arrows hurtling off Red Hawk's bowstring! And with the sun came peace and plenty to the Indians...



TWO-FISTED MARSHAL

THE RECORDS OF THE OLD WEST ABOUND WITH STORIES OF GUNSLINGING TOWN MARSHALS AND SHERIFFS. THERE IS LITTLE MENTION MADE, HOWEVER, OF TOM SMITH, WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN, BUT WHO RULED THE COW TOWN OF ABILENE WITH AN IRON HAND!



TOM SMITH BECAME MARSHAL OF ABILENE IN JULY, 1870. EARLIER THAT AFTERNOON, THE TOWN MARSHAL HAD MET DEATH IN A DUSTY STREET...



TOM SMITH REFUSED TO CARRY A GUN. HE CLAIMED HE COULD ACHIEVE MORE WITH HIS FISTS...

NO, THANKS! I CAN DO MORE WITH MY HANDS THAN I CAN WITH A COLT!

THOSE BAD HATS OUT THERE IN THE SALOONS WILL MOW YOU DOWN WITH HOT LEAD!



BUT MARSHAL SMITH PROVED THAT THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE AND THE TRIGGER FINGER BOTH.



UP AND DOWN THE TRAIL WENT WORD OF THE NEW MARSHAL. HERE AND THERE, MEN LIKE SUNSET JOHNNY TRIED TO BLUFF THE HARD-EYED PEACE OFFICER...

GIVE UP MY GUNS? NOT ME! LET'S SEE YOU MAKE ME!

VERY WELL. IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT!



TOM SMITH'S FISTS MOVED LIKE LIGHTNING AND LANDED LIKE SLEDGE HAMMERS! SUNSET JOHNNY WENT DOWN AND STAYED DOWN!

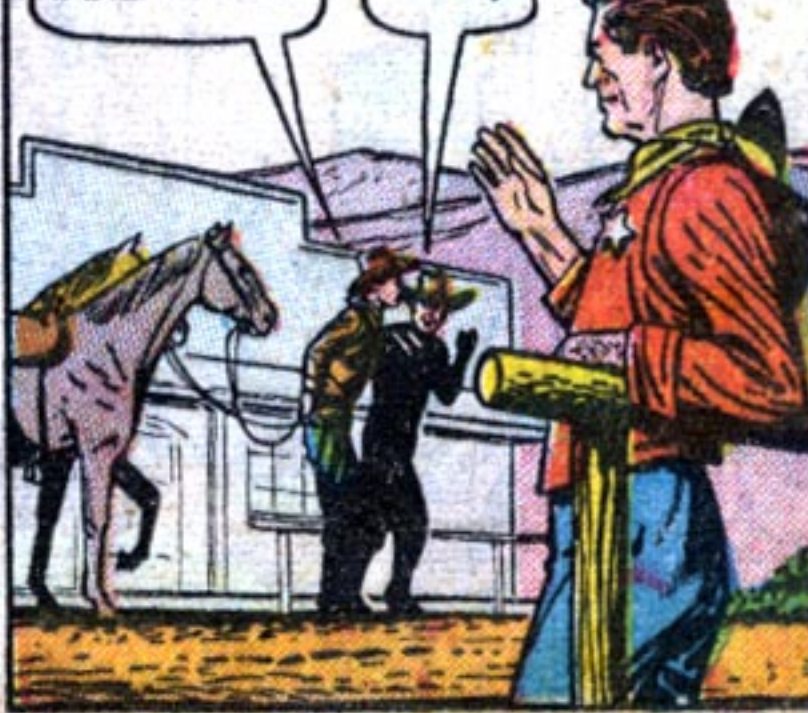
I SAID I WANT YORE GUNS! NOW GIVE THEM TO ME!



AND SO, WITH HIS FISTS INSTEAD OF GUNS, TOM SMITH RULED ABILENE, TOUGH TRAIL TOWN OF THE '70'S, BECOMING RESPECTED AND ADMIRER, EVEN BY HIS ENEMIES.

THINGS ARE PLUMB PEACEFUL, NOW THAT TOM'S TAKEN OVER.

AND THEY'LL STAY THAT WAY AS LONG AS TOM CAN SWING A FIST!

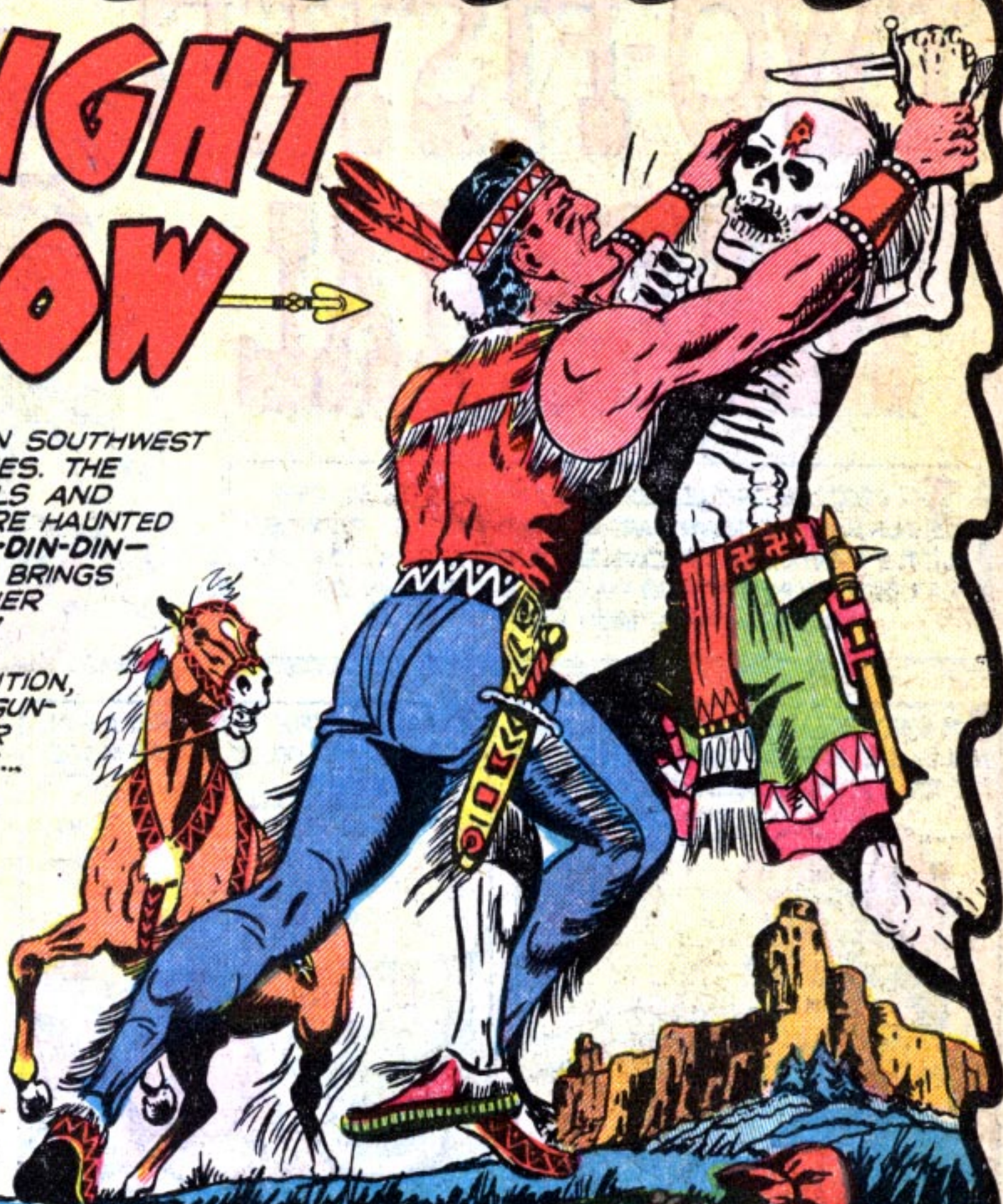


STRAIGHT ARROW

THE HILLS OF THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST ARE FILLED WITH GOLD MINES. THE INDIANS KNOW THOSE HILLS AND THEIR MINES—BUT THEY ARE HAUNTED BY THE SPIRIT OF THE WAH-DIN-DIN—THE SKELETAL GHOST THAT BRINGS BAD FORTUNE TO WHATEVER INDIAN LOOKS UPON HIM!

PLAYING ON THIS SUPERSTITION, CROAKER SMITH AND HIS GUN-SLICKS SEEK TO TAKE OVER THE INDIANS' GOLD MINES... AND STRAIGHT ARROW COMES, FACE TO FACE WITH—

"THE DEATH WARNING!"



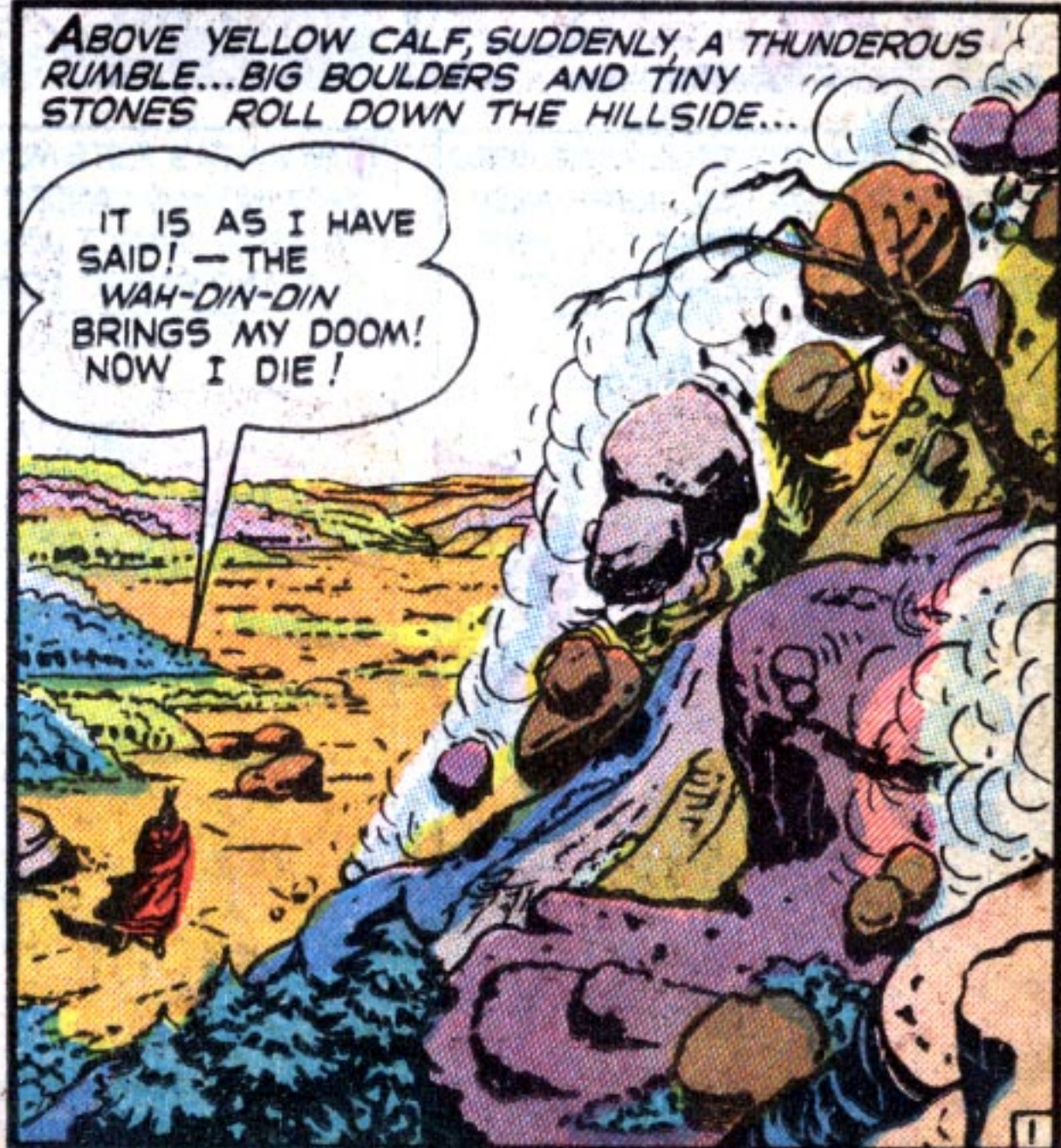
FROZEN WITH FEAR, THE YOUNG COMANCHE YELLOW CALF STARES AT A LIVING SKELETON STANDING IN THE BLAZE OF THE NOONDAY SUN...

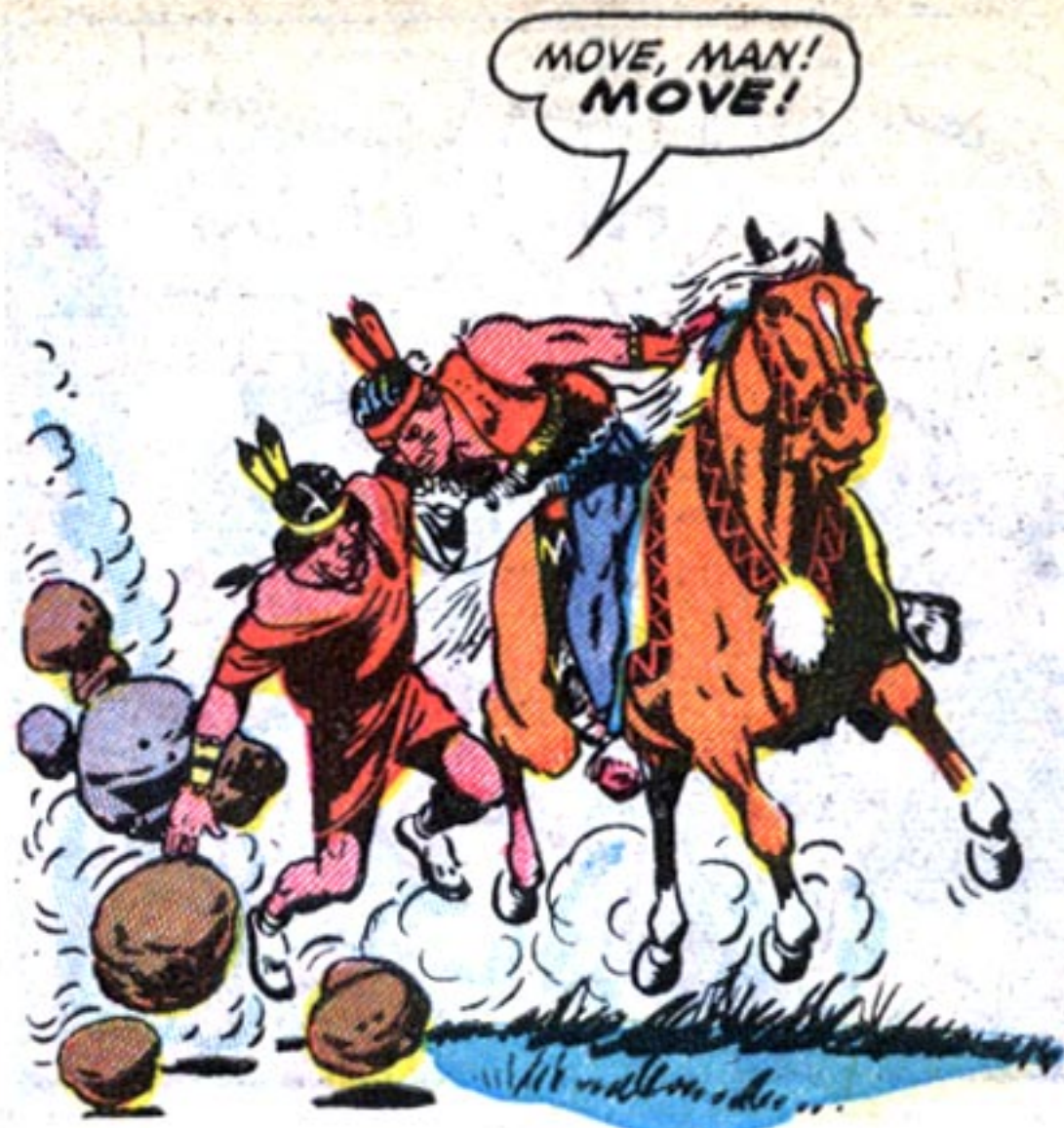
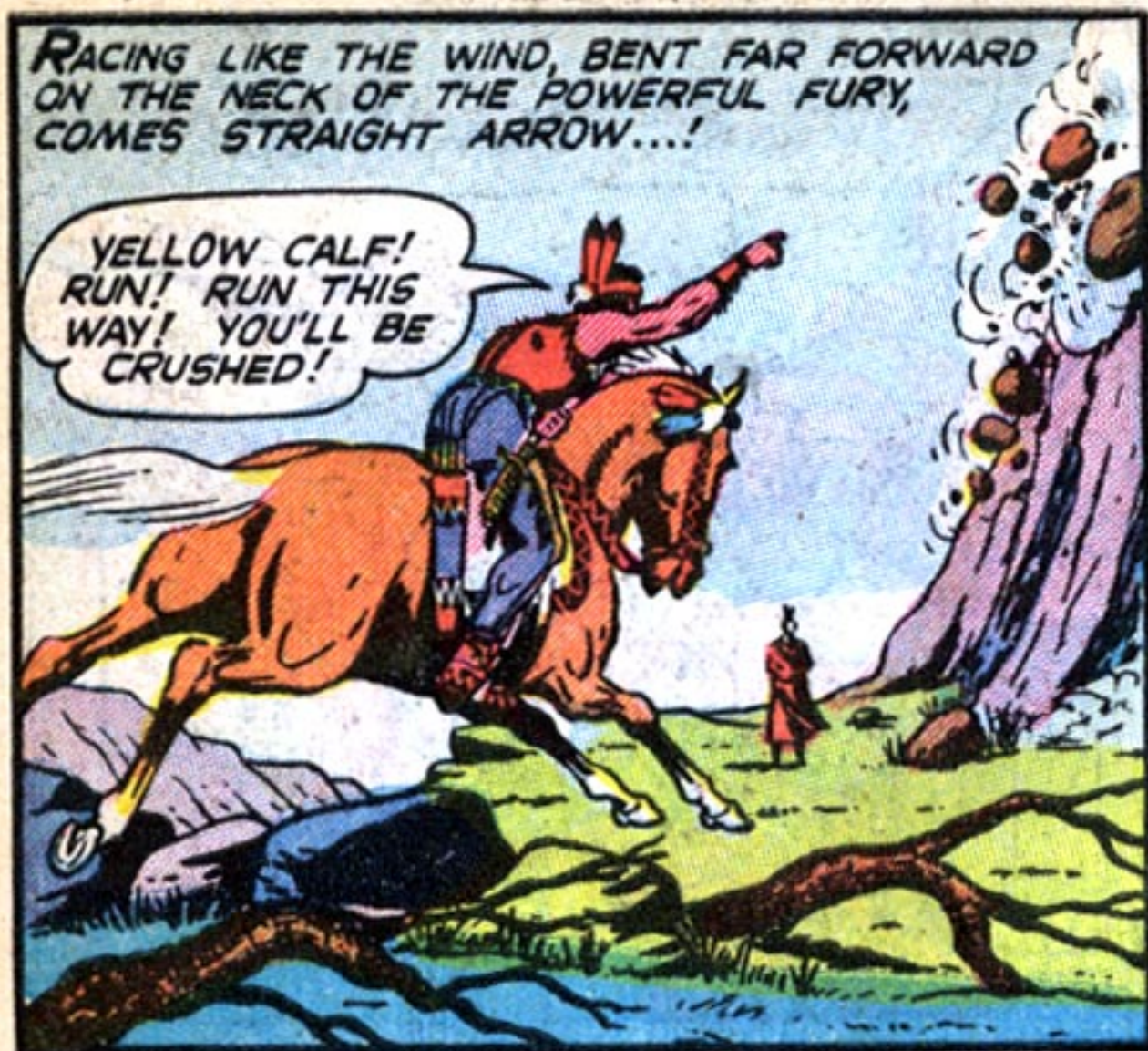
THE WAH-DIN-DIN!
I HAVE SEEN THE
WAH-DIN-DIN! THAT
MEANS... I WILL
DIE!... SOON!

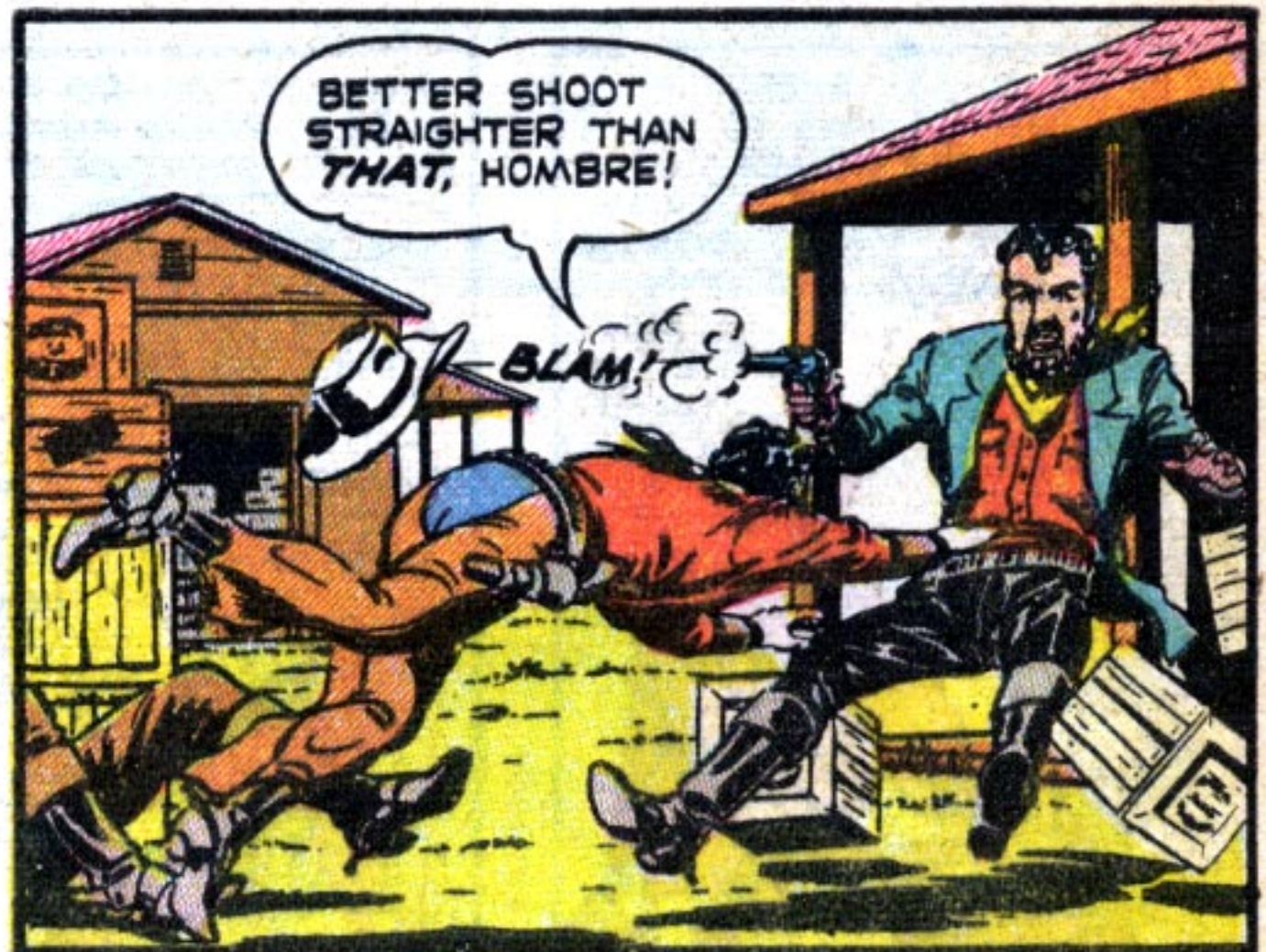


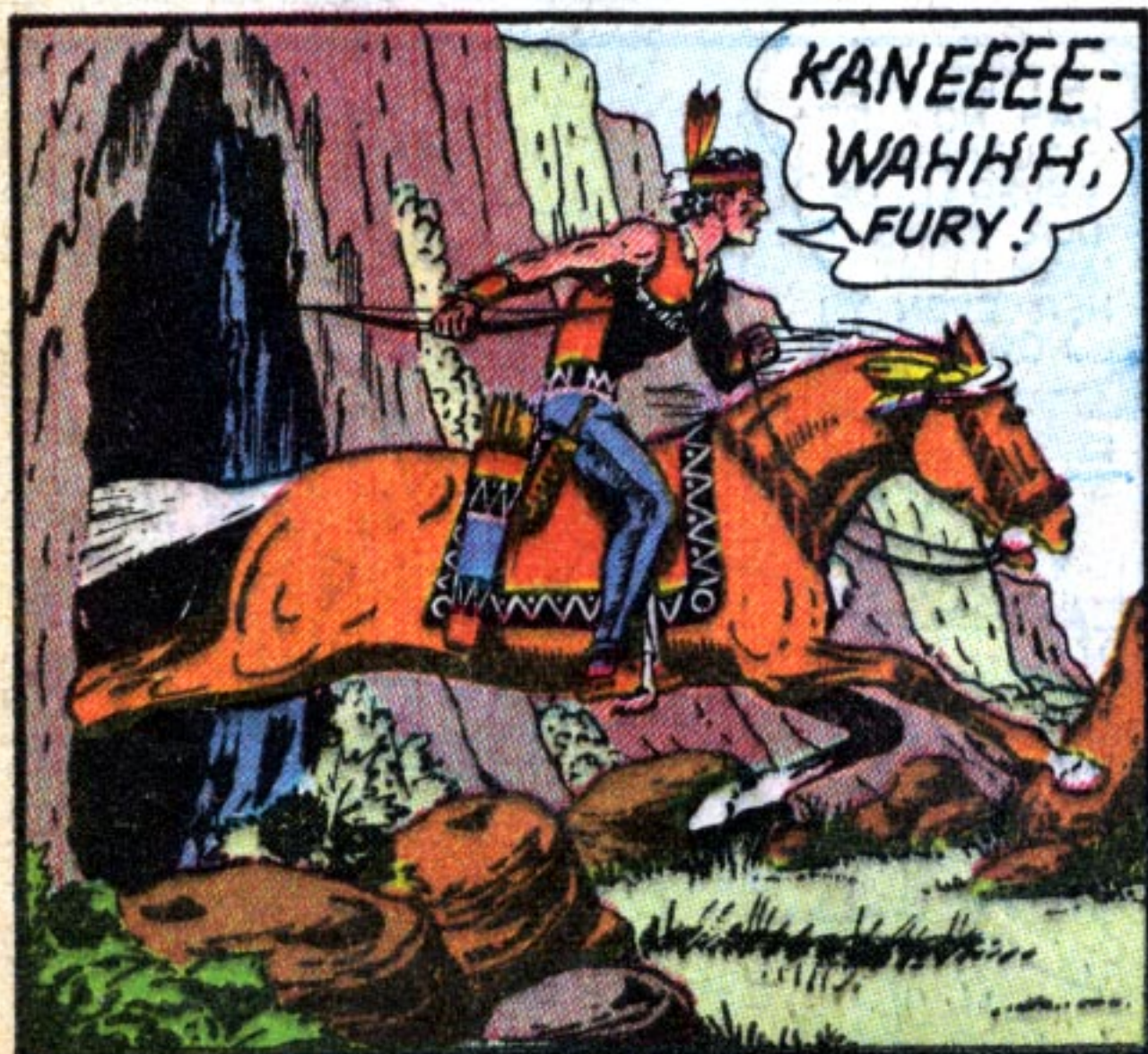
ABOVE YELLOW CALF, SUDDENLY, A THUNDEROUS RUMBLE... BIG BOULDERS AND TINY STONES ROLL DOWN THE HILLSIDE...

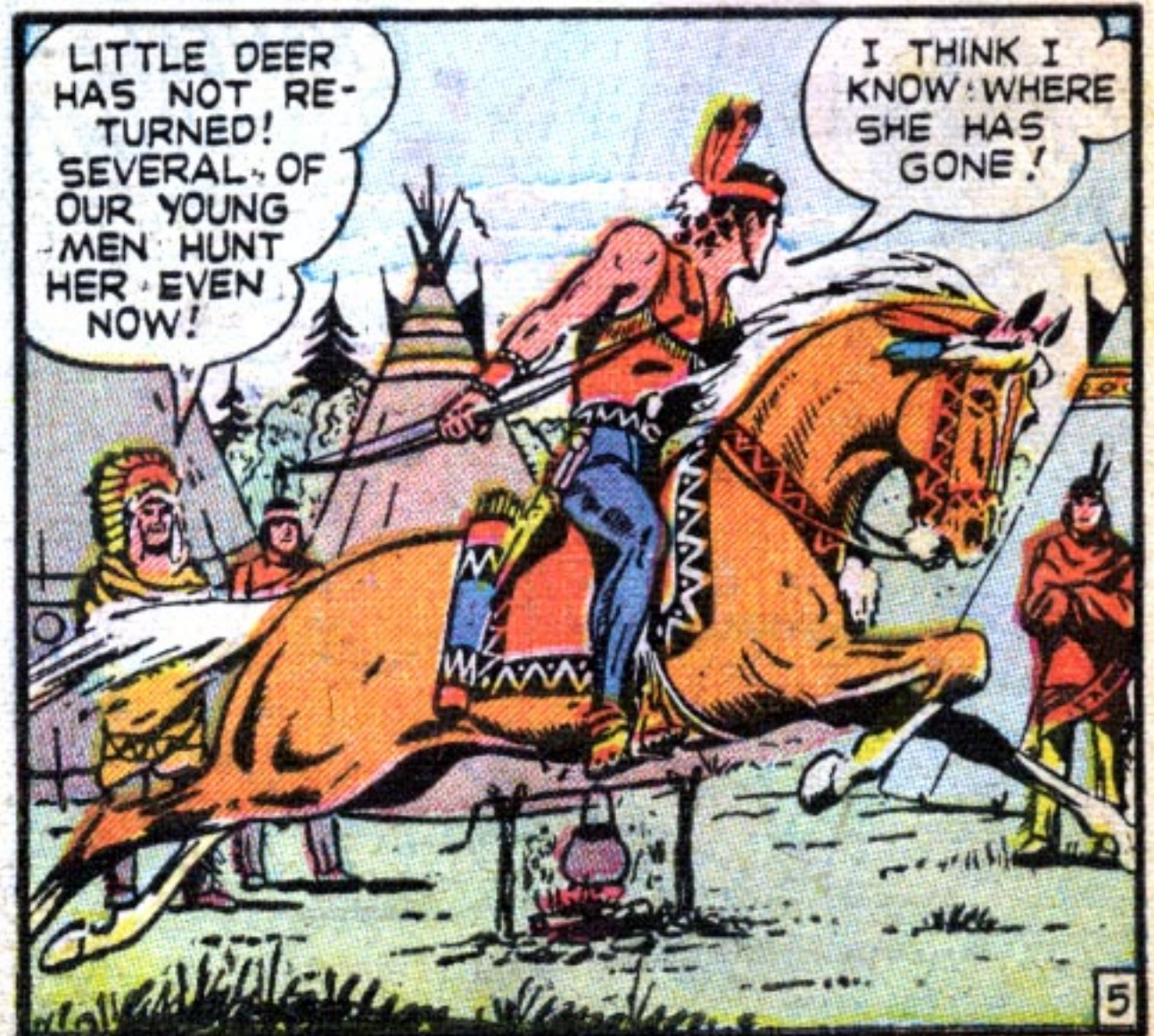
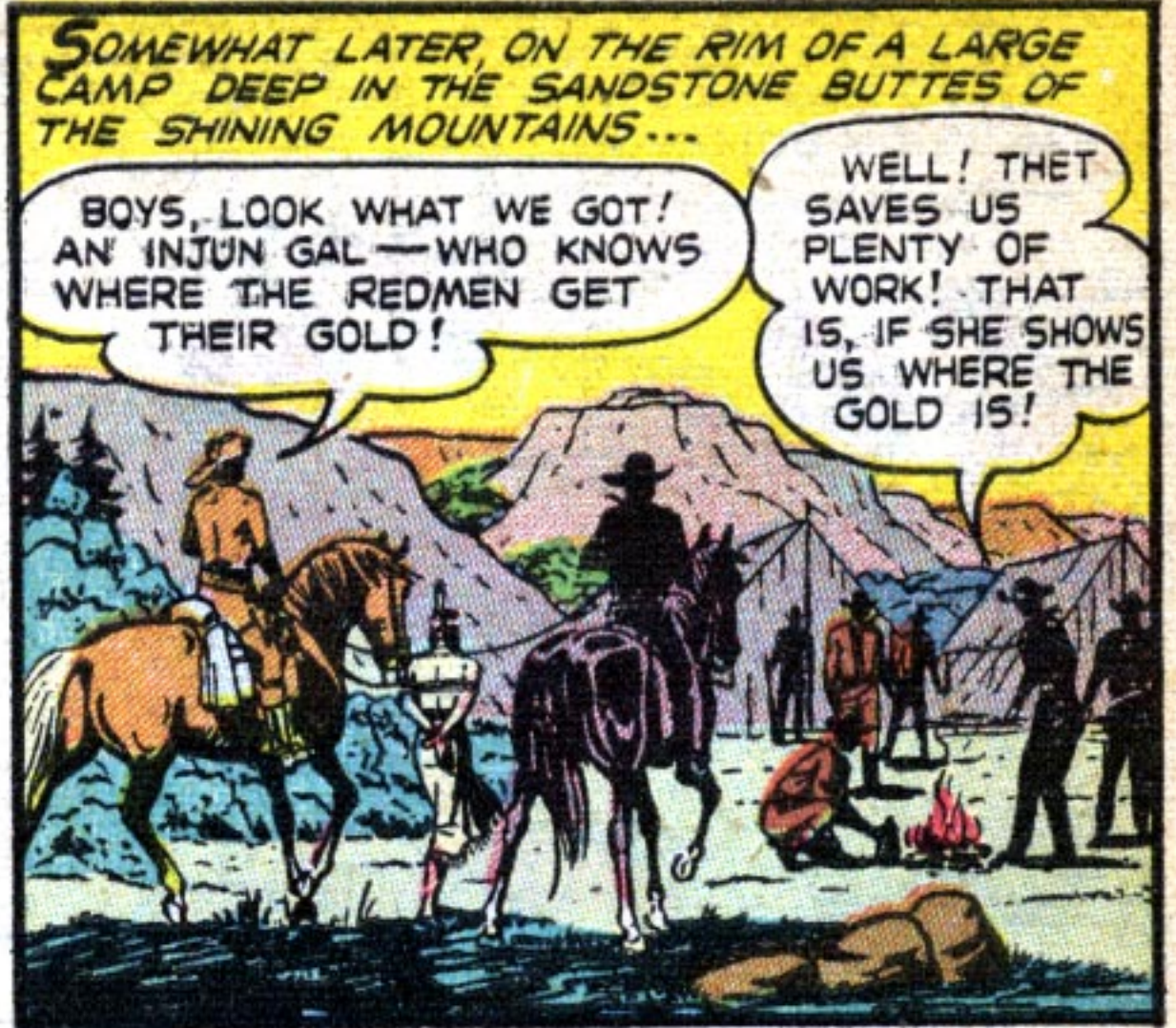
IT IS AS I HAVE
SAID! — THE
WAH-DIN-DIN
BRINGS MY DOOM!
NOW I DIE!









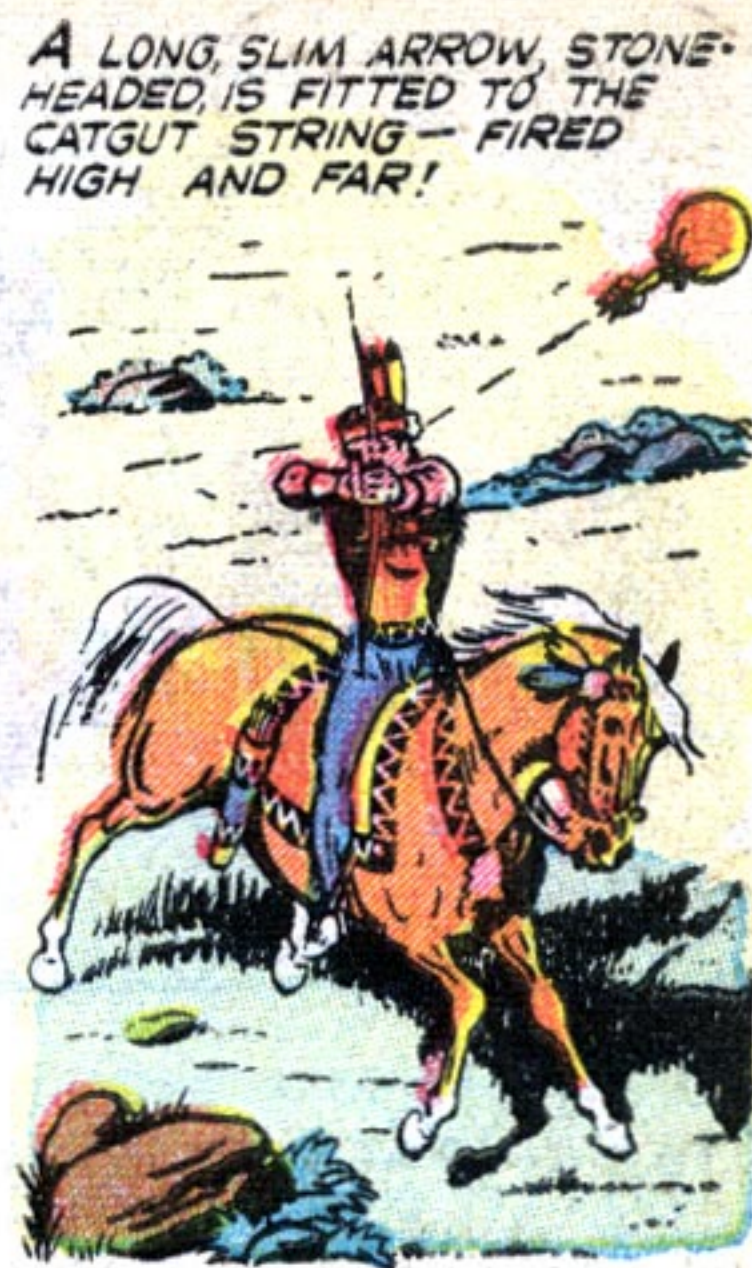




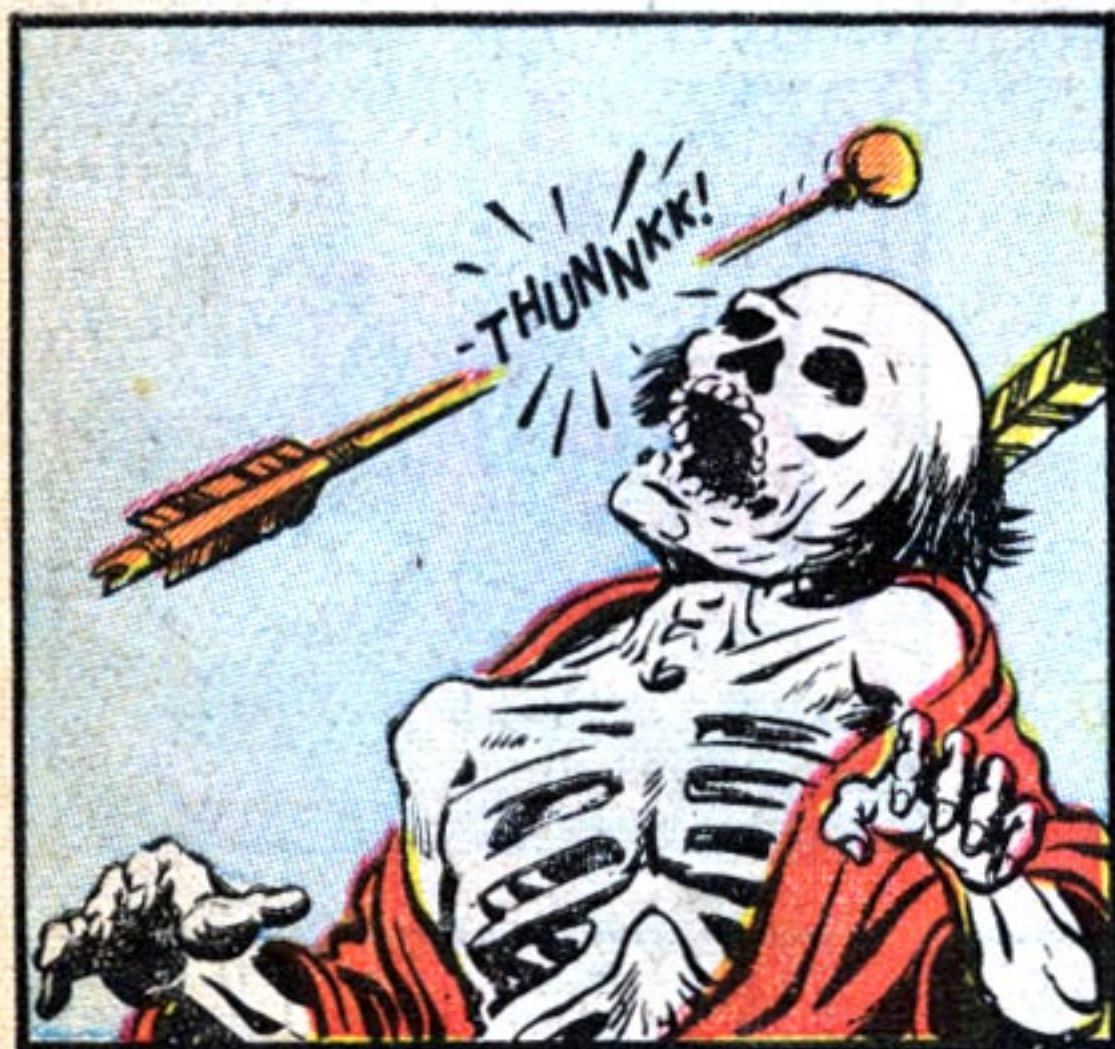
AS FURY'S HOOF'S
BEAT A LONELY TATTOO
ACROSS THE BENCHLAND
BELOW THE MALPAIS...



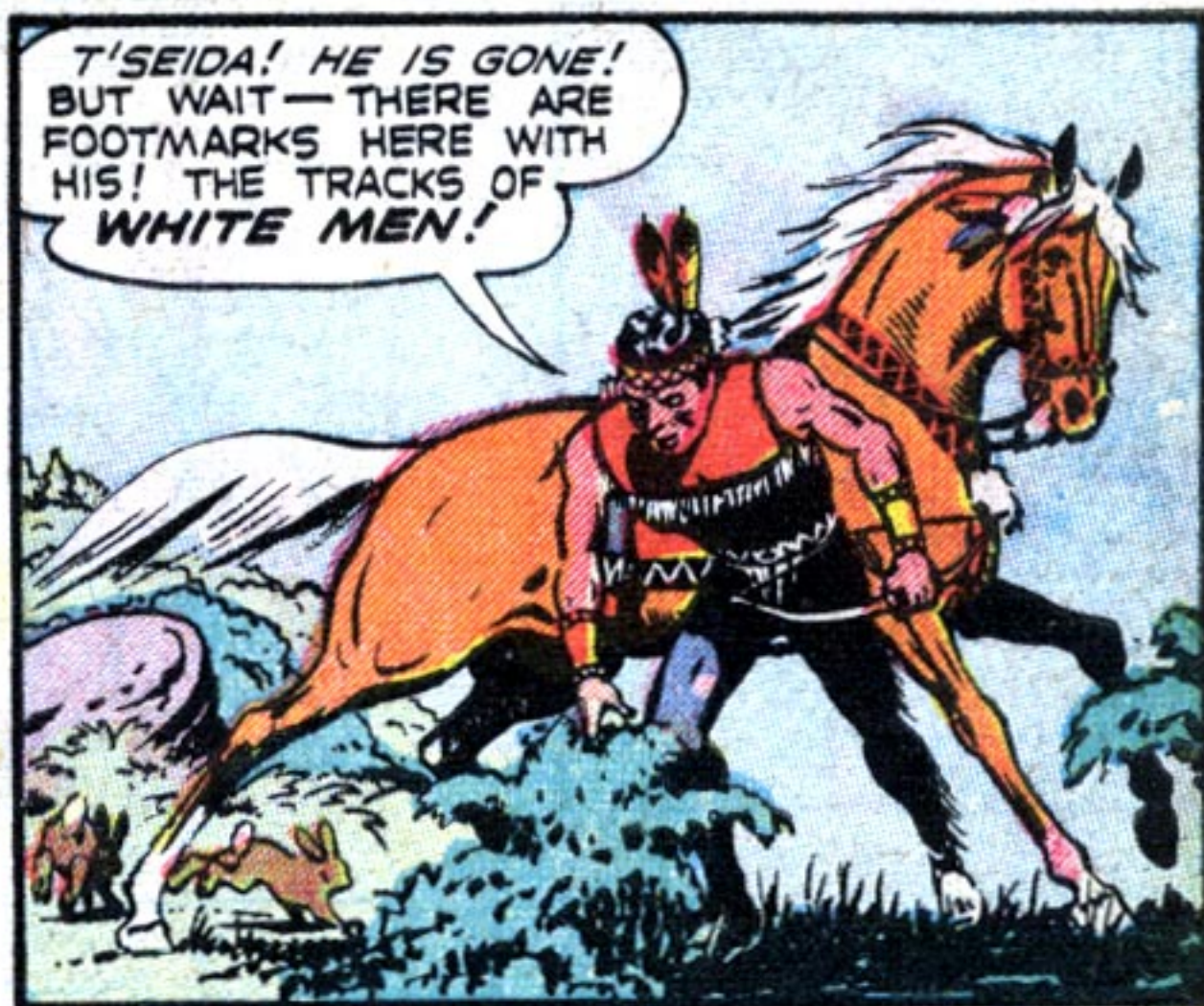
THE WAH-DIN-DIN!
THIS IS THE CHANCE
I'VE WAITED FOR!
I'LL TEST HIS
GHOSTLINESS —
WITH AN
ARROW!



A LONG, SLIM ARROW, STONE-
HEADED, IS FITTED TO THE
CATGUT STRING — FIRED
HIGH AND FAR!

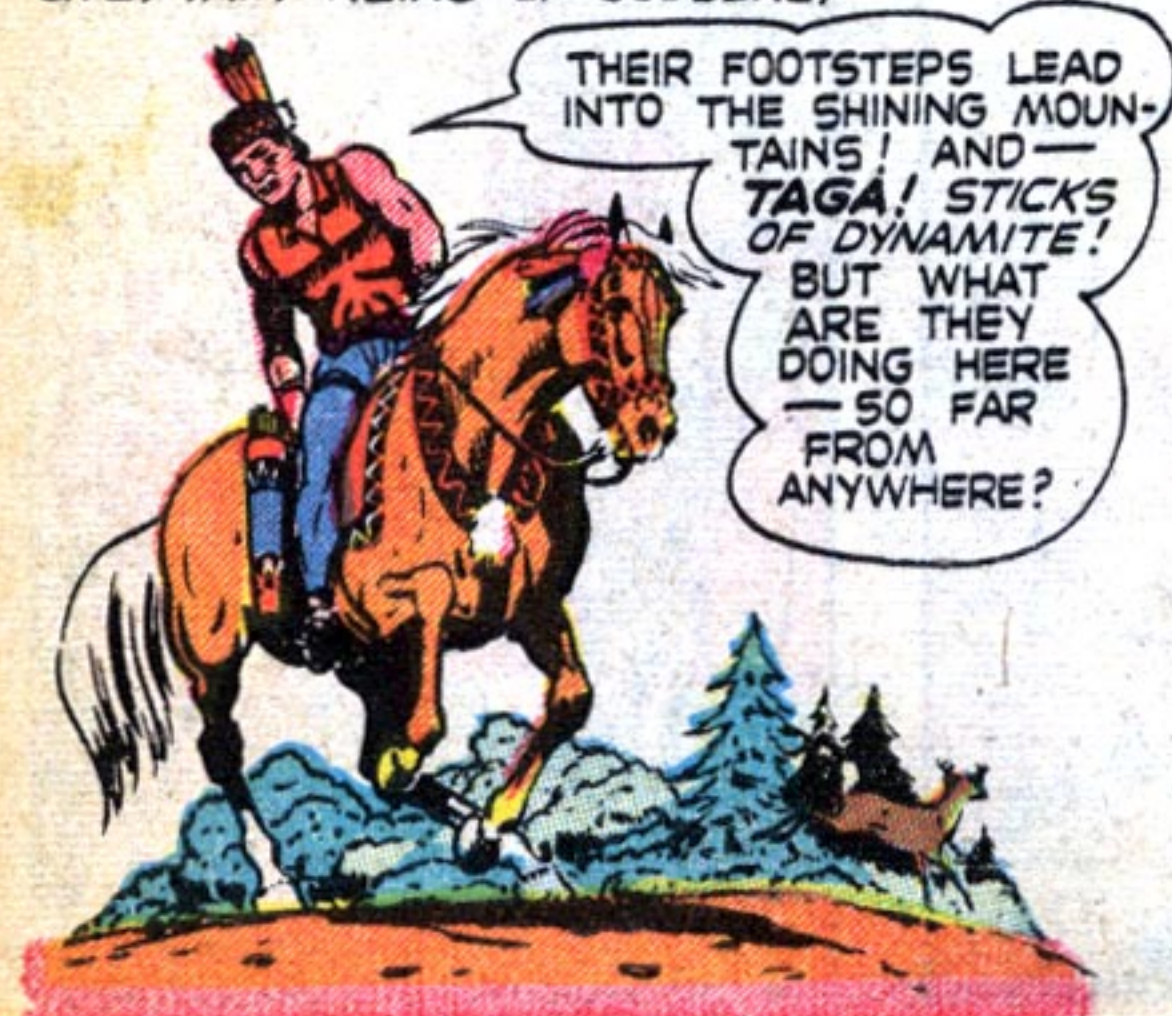


THUNNKK!

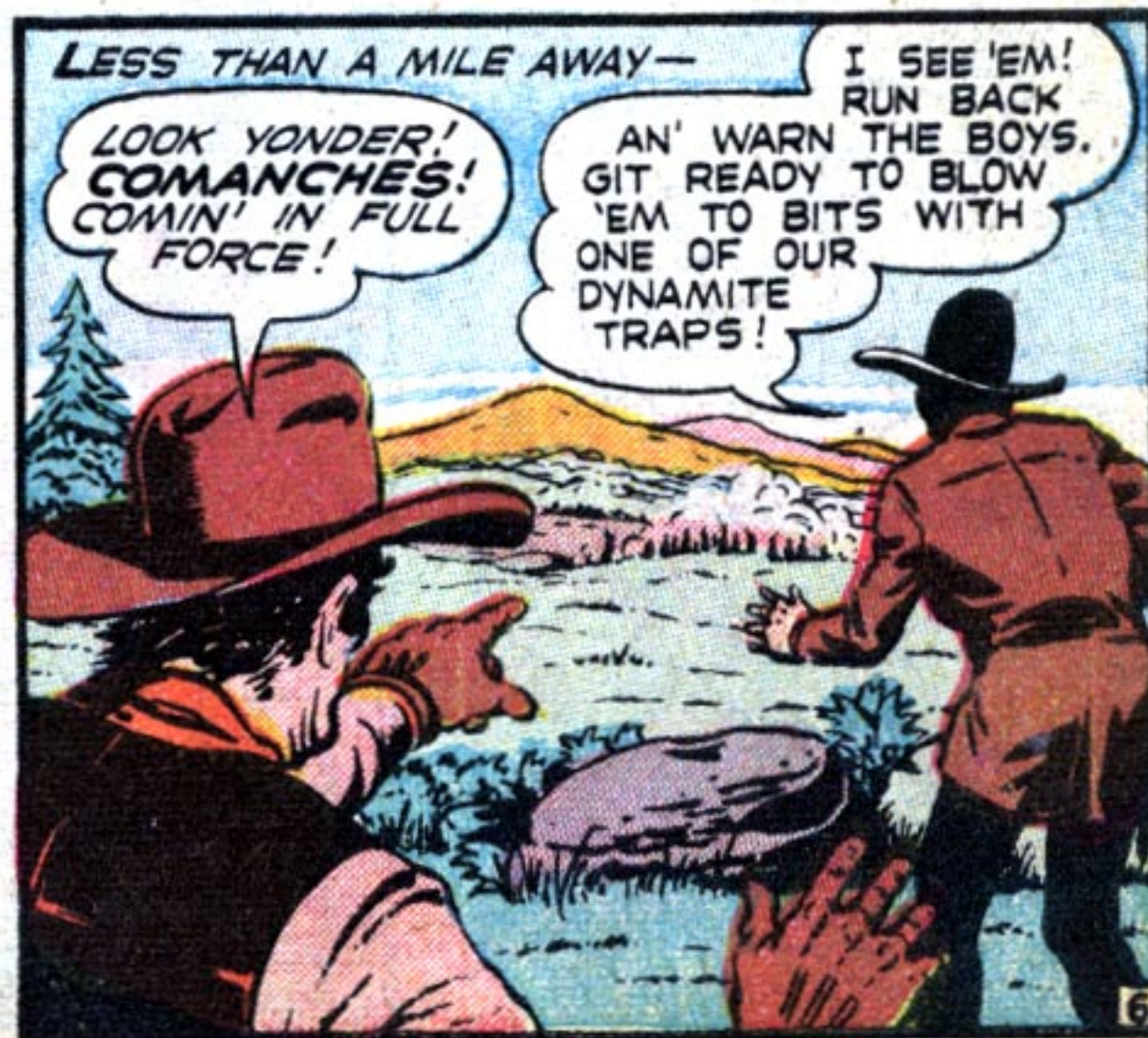


T'SEIDA! HE IS GONE!
BUT WAIT — THERE ARE
FOOTMARKS HERE WITH
HIS! THE TRACKS OF
WHITE MEN!

TRAILING THE BADMEN, THE COMANCHE
CHIEFTAIN REINS UP SUDDENLY —



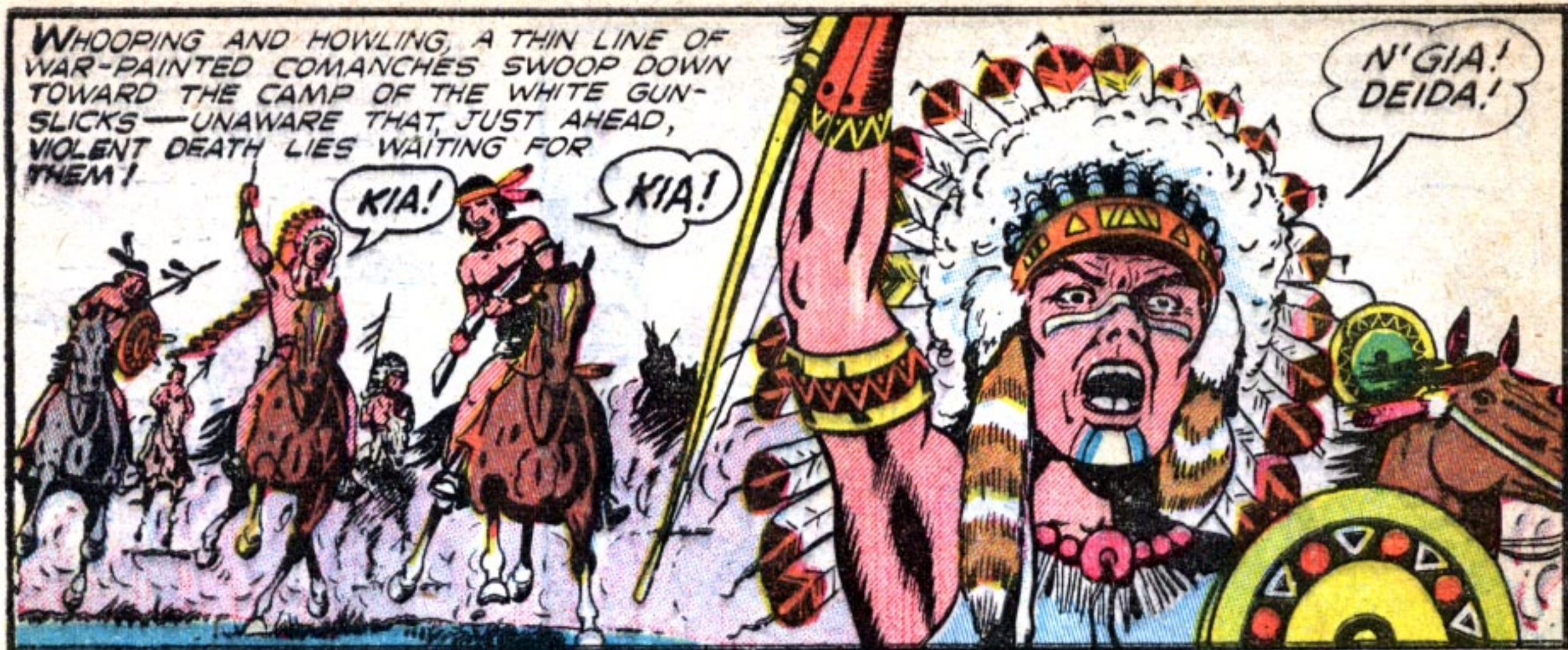
THEIR FOOTSTEPS LEAD
INTO THE SHINING MOUN-
TAINS! AND —
TAGA! STICKS
OF DYNAMITE!
BUT WHAT
ARE THEY
DOING HERE
— SO FAR
FROM
ANYWHERE?



LESS THAN A MILE AWAY —

LOOK YONDER!
COMANCHES!
COMIN' IN FULL
FORCE!

I SEE 'EM!
RUN BACK
GIT READY TO BLOW
'EM TO BITS WITH
ONE OF OUR
DYNAMITE
TRAPS!



THAT NIGHT, AS THE COMANCHES HUDDLE IN THEIR BUFFALO-HIDE ROBES, A FROST MOVES DOWN FROM THE HILLS...



IT IS COLD!
VERY COLD!
TONIGHT THERE
WILL BE SNOW...

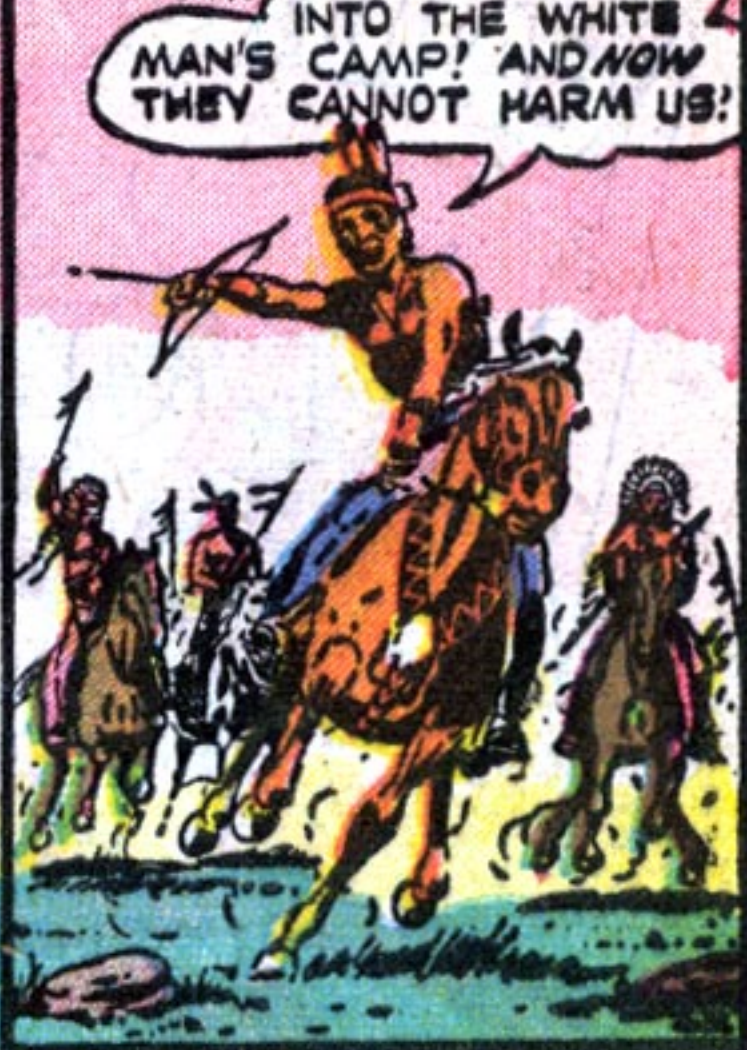
IN THE WHITE MAN'S CAMP, LITTLE DEER SITS WITH SORROW ETCHED ON HER PRETTY FACE...



YUH SAW THEM TURN TAIL!
THEY'RE SCARED OF US! IF
YUH KNOW WHAT'S GOOD
FOR YUH—YUH'LL SHOW
US THAT GOLD!

-SIGH- I
WILL SHOW YOU
TOMORROW! MY
PEOPLE HAVE
ABANDONED
ME!

IN THE MORNING, HALF-FROZEN COMANCHES GATHER ON THEIR PONIES...



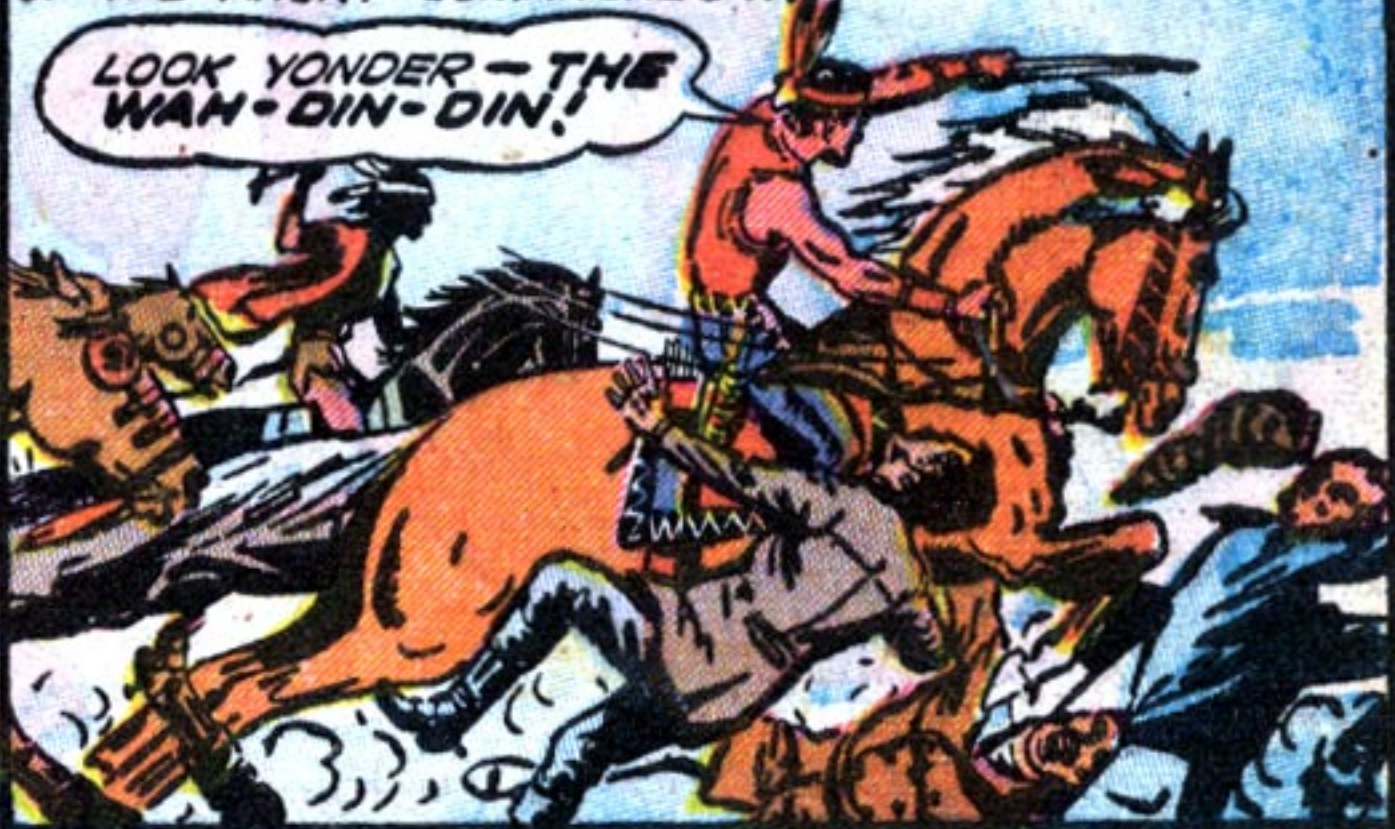
NOW WE RIDE
INTO THE WHITE
MAN'S CAMP! AND NOW
THEY CANNOT HARM US!



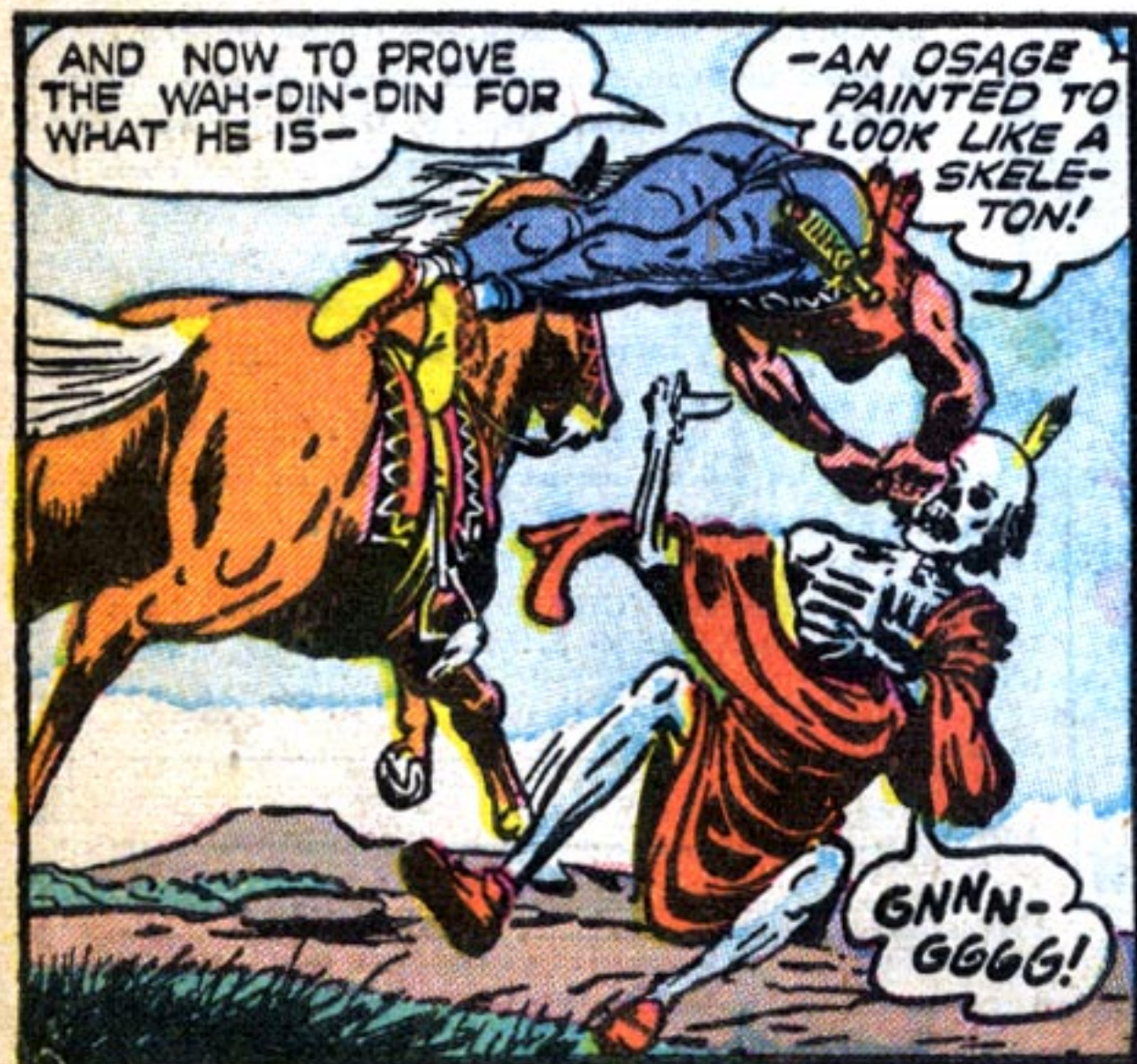
THERE SHE
GOES! THEM
INJUNS WILL
BE BLOWN—!

LOOK! NOTHIN'
HAPPENED! THE
DYNAMITE DIDN'T
GO OFF! WHAT
HAPPENED?

OUTNUMBERED, ASTOUNDED BY THE FAILURE OF THEIR DYNAMITE TO EXPLODE, THE WHITE MEN GO DOWN HELPLESSLY BEFORE THE SWINGING WARCLAWS OF THE ANGRY COMANCHES...



LOOK YONDER—THE
WAH-DIN-DIN!



AND NOW TO PROVE
THE WAH-DIN-DIN FOR
WHAT HE IS—

—AN OSAGE
PAINTED TO
LOOK LIKE A
SKELE-
TON!

GNN-
GGGG!



IT IS AN
OSAGE!...
BUT THE
DYNAMITE!
WE RODE
RIGHT PAST
IT! IT DID
NOT
EXPLODE
—WHY?

BECAUSE DYNAMITE
WILL NOT WORK
IN EXTREMELY
COLD WEATHER!
AND THE
ANIMALS HAVE
BEEN COMING
DOWN FROM
THE HILLS FOR
DAYS—SURE
SIGNS THAT
COLD WEATHER
WAS ON THE WAY!
ALL WE HAD TO
DO WAS WAIT
FOR IT!

STRAIGHT ARROW

CALLING ALL "BRAVES!"

START YOUR OWN SECRET TRIBE
GET

STRAIGHT ARROW'S

colorfully stitched

TRIBAL
PATCH!



Tribal
Identification
Patch Shown
Actual Size



MYSTIC MARK OF HONOR

Use it for your "tribe" or club
badge! Looks swell on your cap
or beanie! Put it on your favor-
ite sweater or jacket!

START YOUR OWN STRAIGHT ARROW "TRIBE"!

To be a member all your friends should have this swell
patch, for a "tribal" badge! Beautifully colored, made
of washable twill, the designs sewn with thousands of
embroidered stitches! Made by the people who made
Army, Navy, and Marine patches, so you know it's
first class! Stands up to lots of wear, won't fade, won't
ravel! Looks like a million on sweaters, T shirts, note-
books, armbands, caps! Hurry, get this patch now,
see that every member of your "tribe" gets one!

HURRY! LIMITED TIME ONLY!

ONLY 10¢ AND A
NABISCO
SHREDDED WHEAT
BOX TOP

You'll really "go for" this hearty, good-tasting,
whole wheat breakfast! Naturally good for you
'cause it contains the bran and wheat germ!
Ask your Mom to get the original NABISCO
SHREDDED WHEAT—

the breakfast full
of POWER from
Niagara Falls!



BAKED BY NABISCO
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT
Dept. S, Box 200, New York 46, N. Y.

Please rush me my STRAIGHT ARROW TRIBAL PATCH. I
enclose 10¢ and a NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT boxtop.
(Please Print)

Name _____

Address _____

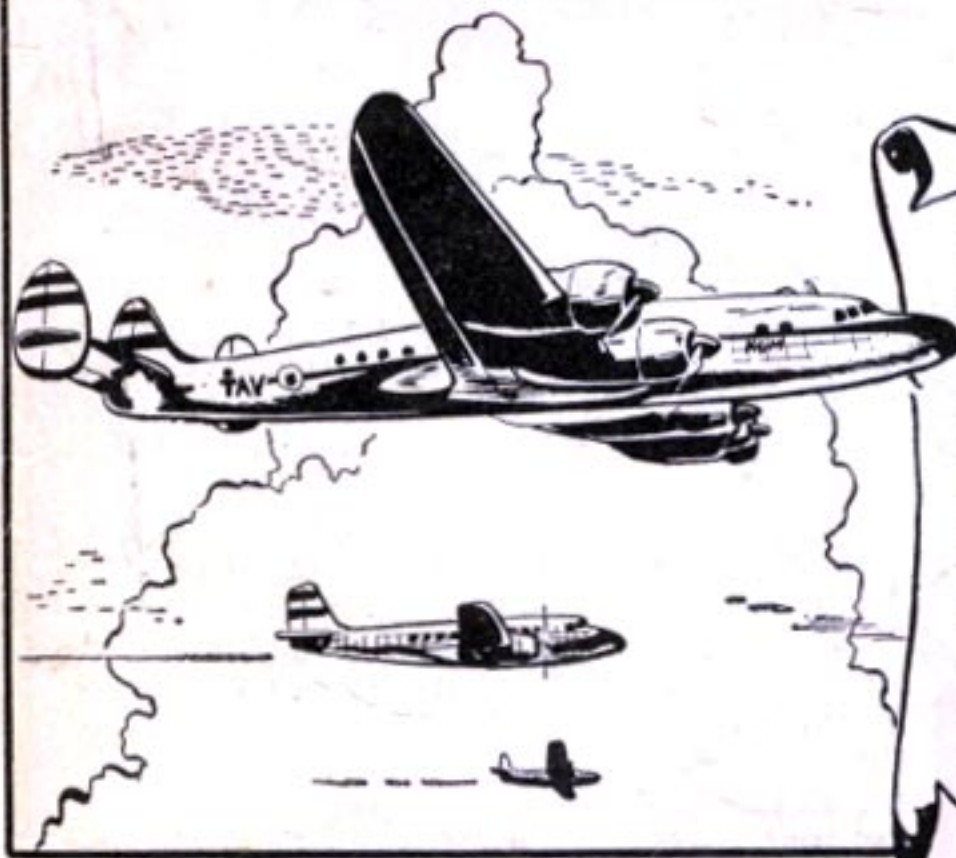
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(No stamps please. Offer good for a limited time and in the U. S. only.)

KNOW YOUR AIRLINES!

INTERNATIONAL

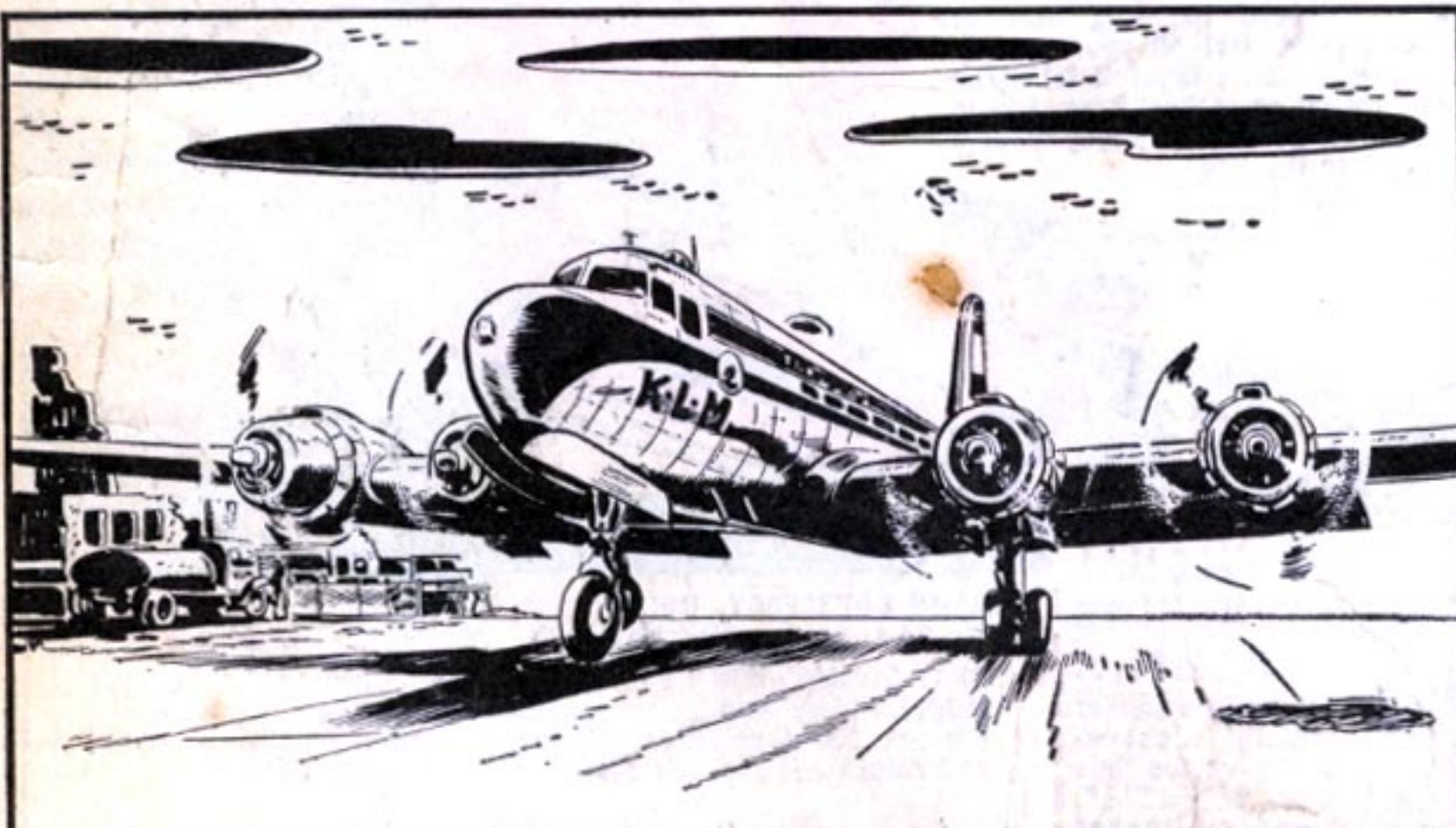
AIR PIONEERS



MAY, 1920. ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES CARRIED ITS FIRST PASSENGERS ON ITS FIRST REGULARLY SCHEDULED SERVICE. ONLY 100 YARDS ABOVE THE CHOPPY NORTH SEA, A DE HAVILLAND DH-9 FLEW FROM AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND TO LONDON, ENGLAND. SINCE THEN ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES HAS CARRIED OVER 3 MILLION PASSENGERS.



OCTOBER 23, 1934. AN AMERICAN DOUGLAS DC-2 OF ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES WON THE HANDICAP SECTION OF THE FAMOUS MACROBERTSON INTERNATIONAL AIR RACE FROM LONDON, ENGLAND TO MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA... A DISTANCE OF 11,300 MILES. THIS VICTORY WAS AMAZING BECAUSE THE ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES ENTRY WAS A **REGULAR**, SCHEDULED AIRLINER WITH PASSENGERS AND MAIL ABOARD, WHILE THE OTHER AIRCRAFT COMPETING WERE STRIPPED-DOWN RACING JOBS...



MAY 21, 1946... FROM AN AIRPORT IN HOLLAND WHICH HAD BEEN TOTALLY DESTROYED BY THE NAZIS, THE FIRST SCHEDULED FLIGHT TO THE U.S. TOOK OFF. ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN AIRLINE TO ESTABLISH SERVICE TO AMERICA AFTER WORLD WAR II...

KNOW YOUR AIRLINES! THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD ARE HELD TOGETHER BY A GIGANTIC NET OF AIR ROUTES. K-L-M ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES OPERATES ONE OF THE LARGEST OF THESE NETWORKS... FLYING TO 52 NATIONS OVER 85,000 MILES OF ROUTES. DO YOU KNOW THAT K-L-M ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES ONCE CARRIED **FOUR** ELEPHANTS IN A SINGLE AIRCRAFT? OR THAT K-L-M WAS THE FIRST TO USE JET-STACKS ON ITS CONSTELLATIONS TO PROVIDE EXTRA SPEED DIVIDENDS? DO YOU KNOW THAT K-L-M ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES IS THE **WORLD'S FIRST AIRLINE?**



Powell

Wheeee, Gang! Watch 'em
Zoom! CLIMB, BANK,
 DIVE AND
 LOOP UP TO 200 FEET

NOW FLY YOUR OWN JET & ROCKET FLEET!

LOOK! YOU GET ALL 10 OF
 PLANES IN ONE BIG BOOK

All 10 nearly 1 foot long



Lockheed Shooting Star

Flying Wing



MASTER MODEL-DESIGNER

Wallis Rigby

As a boy of 9, Commander Wallis perfected the first paper "flying machine," when the Wright Brothers were first designing theirs! That's why — "You Fly the Latest, When You Fly A Rigby!"



Look who's Captain of his own crack Aero-batic Jet & Rocket Fleet! Nobody else but YOU the minute you get Commander Wallis' sensational new JET & ROCKET MODEL PLANE BOOK! Yes, and you're miles ahead of the most spectacular airshow captain... for you've got yourself not just 5, or 8... but TEN flying wonders! What's more... your model fleet includes the famous North American F86 — world's fastest operational jet fighter—rocket marvel, Bell X1, hitting the all-time high supersonic speed of 1000 miles per hour—plus EIGHT more equally daring in design and super-dynamic in performance!

WORLD'S NEWEST, FASTEST JET & ROCKET
 READY TO FLY IN 3 MINUTES!



McDonnell Banshee

Bell X1

North American F86

Boeing Stratojet

RACING? STUNTING? SURE! COMBAT FLYING? YOU BET! Hear the gang gasp as your accurate-to-scale model Grumman Panther takes off like a torpedo—stalls in midair—goes into a dizzy spin—snapping out, but FAST, to make a honey of a landing! And do you chalk up DISTANCE RECORDS! Listen, indoors your Rigby jets and rockets whoosh no less than 30 to 40 feet! Outdoors, catapulting Rigby models against a stiff breeze, thousands of hip-hip-hooray air-men report practice runs up to a SENSATIONAL 200 FEET! Want to solo like a stuntman? Do air-devil tricks? Hepped on combat flying? Commander Wallis' flying models fill your tallest order!

**FUN TO MAKE! IN 3 MINUTES
 YOU'RE FLYING!**

You don't know how easy EASY is 'til you grab the scissors and your big JET & ROCKET MODEL PLANE BOOK and start slicing out your Lockheed Shooting Star or whatever plane you want first off your production line! Easy? Say, it takes ONLY 3 MINUTES to turn out your first jet or rocket! Sure, and in just HALF AN HOUR all 10 of your Rigby models are ready to zoom into the wide blue yonder! But, HURRY, Fellers! This may be your last chance! So don't miss out on the flying fun! Whizz that coupon in NOW!

**ONLY
 \$1.**

All in full, flashing Air Force colors — special C R A S H - PROOF FIBRE — Actual Size, 10 1/2" x 13 1/2".



Grumman Panther



Republic Thunderjet



RAF Gloster Meteor



Supermarine Attacker

Plus FREE-

**SENSATIONAL
 NEW ROCKET LAUNCHING
 RAMP!...**



Hot off Commander Wallis' design-board comes this new, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2", wonder Rocket

Launching Ramp! Ready-cut in extra heavy-duty fibre for high-speed take-offs! Presto, your jets and rockets zoom off sure, steady and strong EVERY time!

NO-RISK OFFER! ACT NOW!

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC.
 Dept. SA-1, Garden City, New York

OKAY COMMANDER! I enclose \$1. Rush me your JET & ROCKET MODEL PLANE BOOK plus my FREE Rocket Launching Ramp. If I'm not 100% satisfied, I'll keep my Rocket Launcher FREE, and return book UNCUT for my dollar back.

Name.....

Please Print Plainly

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

This offer good in the U.S.A. and Canada only.



Stage Your Own
 Super-Swell Air Show!



A Thrill to Make and Fly!

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC., DEPT. SA-1, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.